THE

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

THE CELEBRATED DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

Embellished with a fine Portrait.

THE history of so extraordinary a character as the subject of our memoir cannot fail of being interesting to every inquisitive mind. Though long ago deceased, yet his writings still continue to be read, and will descend to future generations.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born, 1667, of a very ancient family. His birth has indeed been involved in some obscurity: some supposed him to be the natural son of Sir William Temple, but the surmise is now pretty generally rejected. His grandfather was Mr. Thomas Swift, a minister of the church of England, and married Mrs. Elizabeth Dryden, aunt of Dryden the poet—this surely was an honourable connection. The mother of the Dean, after her husband's decease, was taken into the family of Godwin Swift, her brother-in-law, who lived in Ireland, where she brought forth Jo-

NATHAN, who was afterwards destined to be the ornament and glory of his country. Upon the death of his uncle Godwin, Sir William Temple took notice of him, and even received him into the family. The young man had passed through a course of education in the university of Dublin: in the first instance he rather neglected his learning, but afterwards devoted himself to study eight hours in the day during the space of seven years! He soon felt the advantages arising from this vigorous and continued application.

It is thought that even at this early period he began to write his famous *Tale of the Tub*, wherein he satirises the church of Rome, the church of England, and the Dissenters, under the three titles of Peter, Martin, and Jack. The first name is obvious; the second, taken from Martin Luther; and the third, from John Calvin. Indeed the church of Rome and the Dissenters are the chief subjects of his ridicule. The title is derived from a custom which fishermen have of catching whales by throwing out a *tub* to amuse and detain them. It is altogether a most strange book, but replete with originality. He never formally acknowledged it, but an Irish gentleman solemnly declares that he saw it in his own hand writing. A warrant was issued for the apprehension of the author, with a large reward; but the charge of being the writer was never brought home to him. In most things he wished to study eccentricity, and here was observed by him the profoundest secrecy.

Sir William Temple was the favourite of the Prince of Orange, who often visited him. On one of these occasions SWIFT attended his majesty in the walks about the garden, who admitted him to such a familiarity that he shewed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch manner. It is said that the monarch offered him a situation in the army,

but SWIFT was inclined to an ecclesiastical destination.

SWIFT, during his residence with Sir William, visited his mother once a-year at Leicester, the place of her nativity. His manner of travelling was extraordinary—he always travelled on foot, except the weather was very unfavourable, when he would clamber up into a waggon; he chose to dine at obscure ale-houses amongst pedlars and ostlers, and to lie where he saw written over the door "lodgings for a penny," but he used to bribe the maid with sixpence for a single bed and clean sheets.

Having quitted the family of Sir William, he took orders, and had given him an Irish prebendary. He however returned again to Sir William, who, dying four years after, left him a pecuniary legacy and his posthumous works. Our divine now applied for the first vacant prebendary of Canterbury or Westminster, but received instead of it the living of Laracor in Ireland. Here he performed the duties of a parish priest with great punctuality and devotion. He could not however forbear to indulge the peculiarity of his humour. Upon his coming to the parish, he gave notice that he would read prayers Wednesdays and Fridays, which had not been the custom; the bell accordingly was rung, and he ascended the desk, but having remained for some time with no other hearer than his clerk Roger, he began "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth *you* and *me* in sundry places," &c.—thus proceeding to the end of the service.

From the death of King William, in the year 1701 down to 1713, he engaged much in politics, and published various pamphlets on the Tory side of the question. He resided during this bustling period in London, and was in the most familiar habits with the ministry. As a proof of the popularity of his abilities, *eleven thousand* copies of a pamph-

let entitled the *Conduct of the Allies* were sold in two months—seven editions having been printed in England, and three in Ireland! His exertions were about this period rewarded by his advancement to the deanery of St. Patrick, Dublin. A bishopric had been intended for him by the queen, but she was prevented from bestowing this honour upon him, some persons having intimated to her majesty that he was no firm believer in Christianity.

Upon the decease of Queen Anne, the Tories came into disgrace, and SWIFT had his share of popular odium—but he cared not for such things. In the year 1716 he married the celebrated Miss Johnson, usually known by the name of *Stella*, but never lived with her: they had generally separate houses, and were never together but in the presence of a third person. Many reasons have been assigned for this strange conduct, but the true cause we pretend not to have ascertained.—There was also a female, stiled *Vanessa*, who was much attached to him, and he had paid her extraordinary attention. When she heard of his marriage, she gave way to the most poignant grief, and soon after expired.

From 1716 to 1720 he is supposed to have employed his time in writing *Gulliver's Travels*, a kind of political romance, well known and generally admired for its humour and eccentricity. His vile representation of human nature ought to be reprobated, but SWIFT was angry with the world, revenging himself by the indulgence of misanthropy.

Not long after this period, SWIFT became the *Patriot of Ireland*. His popularity first of all arose from a publication written by him in order to recommend the use of Irish manufactures. But in the year 1724 he brought out his *Draper's Letters*, which Lord Orrery has emphatically denominated the "brazen monuments of his fame." They were

written under the fictitious name of a *Draper*; and on the following occasion—a Mr. Wood having obtained a patent to coin 180,000*l.* in copper for the use of Ireland, by which he would have acquired an exorbitant gain and impoverished the nation—the letters dissuaded the people from receiving this copper money. These compositions therefore, written with great keenness of satire, united the whole nation in his praise, filled every street with his effigy and every mouth with acclamations. Wood was compelled to withdraw his patent, and the money was totally suppressed. From this memorable crisis it is said that the influence of the Dean was without bounds over the populace: he was the most absolute monarch that ever reigned, and was indeed regarded by persons of every rank with esteem and veneration.

In the year 1724 his beloved *Stella* died, and though her death was occasioned by his strange conduct towards her, yet he lamented her decease with an excess of sensibility. His treatment of this most amiable woman baffles all human explication—it is involved in the profoundest mystery. After her decease, however, he grew more retired in his temper and more unpleasant in his manners. Alluding to his disconsolate situation, he wrote the following lines:

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown!

He was subject to fits of deafness and giddiness, the effects of having surfeited himself with fruit before he was twenty years old; these now became more frequent, and in 1736, while writing a satire (called the *Legion Club*) on the Irish parliament, he was seized with one of those fits, from which he never effectually recovered. His memory declined, his passions were violent, and in 1741 he became

utterly incapable of conversation. Early in 1742 his reason was subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. His left eye swelled to the size of an egg, boils broke out on his body, and his pain one night was so extreme that five persons restrained him by mere force from pulling out his eyes! These tumors subsiding, he recovered his understanding, and there was some hope of his restoration to society—but he relapsed into a state of insensibility, his brain being loaded with water. Having continued silent one whole year in helpless idiotism, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November, and told him "It was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing for its celebration." He immediately replied, "It is all folly—they had better leave it alone!" This proved that his powers were not destroyed, but only suspended. In 1744, he now and then called the servant by his name—once attempting to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he shewed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, "I am a fool!" Once afterwards as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, "Bring it here!" and when the same servant was attempting to break a large hard coal, he said, "That is a stone, you blockhead!" From this time he was perfectly silent till the latter end of October, 1745, and then died, in the 78th year of his age, without the least pang or convulsion.

We have been more particular in this detail because it relates to a great man, and specifies certain mortifying circumstances which preceded his dissolution.

It is remarkable that this great genius had strong presentiments of his insanity. Some time before his illness he was walking out with a few friends, and staid behind them on the way to contemplate a tree, the upper part of which was in a state of decay. His

friends going back, found him gazing at this object—"That tree (says he) is like *me*, who am destined to decay from the top"—pointing to his forehead with peculiar emphasis and expression. Besides, in his will, dated May, 1740, just before he ceased to be a rational being, he leaves 11,000*l.* (the greatest part of his fortune) to erect and endow an hospital for *Ideots* and *Lunatics*.—He was buried in the great aisle of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin, under a stone of black marble, inscribed with a Latin epitaph of his own composition.

The editions of his works have been innumerable. In 1801 was published by Mr. Nichols a complete edition in *nineteen* volumes, the first of which contains his life by Mr. Sheridan (from which the present sketch is taken)—a work replete with instruction and entertainment.

The character of DEAN SWIFT, though best estimated by a perusal of his writings, has been very differently drawn by different hands. Some have made him a concatenation of vices, and others have pronounced him a paragon of virtues. In our opinion he answers to neither of these exaggerated accounts—his talents were superlative for wit, humour, and satire even to excess. His conduct in many cases defies rational interpretation. In his works occur many passages of which it is difficult to form a just opinion. He was in a degree misanthropic, and yet a warm friend to his country—the omniscience of Deity alone can ascertain his real character. He has been dead upwards of these *fifty* years—but his name will live for ever! His pieces, though many of them are of a local nature, possess uncommon interest, and the effusions of his astonishingly fertile mind will be read with delight by latest posterity.

Islington, Feb. 2, 1802. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LIX]

THE FARMER'S BOY,

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

The farmer's life displays in every part
A moral lesson to the sensual heart:
Though in the lap of plenty thoughtful still,
He looks beyond the present good or ill.

FARMER'S BOY.

FROM that portion of the *Farmer's Boy* entitled *Spring*, which was the subject of our last paper, we pass on to *Summer*, where passages of equal merit will deserve our attention. The same ease and simplicity are still apparent—the ever-varying scenes of nature are here painted with his accustomed fidelity.

The *Summer* opens with a delineation of the husbandman's prospects, from which we may draw much moral instruction. We shall, however, transcribe those lines which relate to the green corn, and *Giles* beating off the sparrows, who are intent on the destruction of it:—

Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding *wheat-ear* forms a graceful bow;
With milky kernels starting, full weigh'd down,
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown;
Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome on the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn:
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border beats;

On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend—there corn o'ertops his head.

In his humble employment he espies the *sky-lark*, and the soaring of this lively bird is thus picturesquely described:

Just starting from the corn *she* cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings,
Still louder breathes, and, in the face of day,
Mounts up and calls on *Giles* to mark her way:
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wandering bird before his sight;
Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours her vaired song;
He views the spot, and, as the cloud moves by,
Again she stretches up the clear blue sky—
Her form, her motion undistinguished quite,
Save when she wheels direct from shade to light:
The fluttering songstress a mere speck became,
Like fancy's floating bubbles in a dream—
He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eye-lids close!

We cannot refrain from adding the following six lines, descriptive of the slumber into which he has now fallen, there is something so peculiarly natural in the exclamation:

Delicious sleep! from sleep who could forbear,
With no more guilt than *Giles*, and no more care?
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting!
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole and brushes round again.

The farmer's pride in surveying the ripening corn is thus beautifully pourtrayed:

Here vanity slinks back, her head to hide—
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The tow'ring fabric or the dome's loud roar,
And stedfast columns may astonish more,
Where the charm'd gazer long delighted stays,
Yet traced but to the *architect* the praise:
Whilst *here* the veriest clown that treads the sod
Without one scruple gives the praise to GOD!
And two-fold joys possess his raptur'd mind,
From gratitude and admiration join'd!

The following scene is peculiar to the season, and must afford every lover of nature gratification:

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along,
Each sturdy mower emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries,
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover short and sweet.
Come *health*, come *jollity*, light-footed come,
Here hold your revels, and make this your home;
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own,
Each moistened brow that scorns to wear a frown!

The repose of twilight next attracts our regard in these delightful lines:

Still twilight welcome! rest, how sweet art thou!
Now eve o'erhangs the western clouds' thick brow,
The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light
With fiery treasures fraught, that on the sight
Flash from its bulging sides, where darkness lours
In fancy's eye a chain of mouldering tow'rs,
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
'Midst javelins dire and darts of streaming blue!

The poet closes with an impressive descant on *harvest-home*—that period of general festivity. He affectingly contrasts ancient generosity with modern

custom—the poor man is made to exclaim, with great beauty, in favour of the *good old master* in strains which shall form our conclusion:

HEAVEN bless his memory! bless his honour'd name!
The poor will speak his lasting worthy fame.
To souls fair-purpos'd strength and guidance give,
In pity to us still let goodness live!
Let LABOUR have its *due!* my lot shall be
From chilling want and guilty murmurs free;
Let LABOUR have its *due!* then peace is mine,
And never never shall my heart repine!

May these equitable wishes meet with abundant gratification!—Virtuous industry ought never to fail of its reward.

ON THE DUTIES OF THE YOUNG.

BY DR. HUGH BLAIR.

(Concluded from Page 65.)

YOUTH is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule of *doing all things to others according as you wish they should do unto you.* For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equa-

lity of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed; graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyments. But go sometimes to the house of mourning, as well as to the house of feasting. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life—of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

In young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth indeed is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity therefore is not to be discouraged—though at the same time it must be regulated with much circumspection and care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are mere combinations in pleasure—they are often founded on capricious likings, suddenly contracted, and as suddenly dissolved; sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Beware of such rash and dangerous connections, which may after-

wards load you with dishonour. Remember that by the character of those whom you choose for your friends, your own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. Be slow, therefore, and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, consider it as a sacred engagement. Expose not yourselves to the reproach of lightness and inconstancy, which always bespeak either a trifling or a base mind. Reveal none of the secrets of your friend—be faithful to his interests—forsake him not in danger—abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt. In order to render yourselves amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanor, which springs not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent—but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural, and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming themselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral.

The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the restraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may be

all comprised in few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure; within these bounds pleasure is lawful—beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety; instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan; we propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings—not only as rational, but social—not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects cannot afford true pleasure, any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves and your own experience. We ask whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain?—whether, if not from every particular instance, yet from every habit at least of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you, there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue?—If you have any consideration or any firmness left, avoid temptations for which you have found yourselves unequal with as much care as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connections with the loose and profligate. *When sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Remove thy way from the strange woman, and come not near the door of her house; let not thine heart decline to her ways, for*

her house is the way to hell—thou goest after her as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life. By these unhappy excesses of irregular pleasure in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed!—how many rising capacities and powers are suppressed!—how many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which rose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness: that good humour which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest station—all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sunk for the whole of it into insignificancy and contempt!—These, O sinful pleasure! are thy trophies. It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human honour, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them; unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired—in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of plea-

sure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy—for it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure: it is the appointed vehicle of every good to man: it is the indispensible condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness; inactive as it is in itself, it effects are fatally powerful; though it appears a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing—it not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first petrifies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and ruin. And under idleness I include not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society or public amusements, in the labours of dress or the ostentation of their persons.—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country? Amusements youth requires—it were vain, it were cruel to prohibit them: but though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business of the young, for they then become the gulph of time and the poison of the mind: they foment bad passions—they weaken the manly powers—they sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. Redeeming your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with em-

ployments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth; the desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments and many virtues. But though your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well-disposed mind. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being: it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember always that the years which now pass over your heads leave permanent memorials behind them; from your thoughtless minds they may escape, but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life—they will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day when for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God. Thus I have set before you some of the chief qualifications which belong to a virtuous and religious character—piety, modesty, truth, benevolence, temperance, and industry. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this maner it should commence; and if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

Let your attention be recalled to that dependence on the blessings of heaven, which, amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue

and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them! Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, are equal to the trying situations which often occur in life. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk! *Every good and perfect gift is from above.* Wisdom and virtue, as well as *riches and honour, come from God.* Destitute of his favour, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct then this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happiness can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer seek the protection of the God of heaven.—In fine, remember the solemn words in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son—words which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself, and to engrave deeply on his heart: *Thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind—for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.*

ON PATIENCE.

PATIENCE is surely a laudable virtue: it supports us in solitude, and makes us bear our afflictions without a murmur; but the generality of mankind are so vain, thoughtless, and miserable, that they are perpetually uneasy with their condition, and complaining against Divine beneficence.

Behold the unfortunate man in the storms of adversity, unsupported by patience! How meagre is his aspect! He sits disconsolate, and repines at his unhappy fate. However hardly we are oppressed with the calamities of life, let us endeavour to struggle through them with resignation and courage. Were we to reflect, and consider how justly we deserve punishment, we should certainly support ourselves under it with a becoming Christian patience, and from thence experience a degree of tranquillity that they must be destitute of who are strangers to this truly heroic virtue. Let reason dictate, and we shall ever be conformable to the God of nature, who governs all things.

What shews a weak understanding more than to plunge into a state of despondency at the frowns of fortune? Let us bear that with fortitude which cannot possibly be avoided; and pursue, without reluctancy, the road which Providence has set us in—who then will not fail to direct us to an happy end.

M——d. J. O.

ON THE DUTIES OF SCHOOL BOYS.

FROM ROLLIN.

QUINCTILIAN says, that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them—to love those who teach them as they love the sciences which they learn of them, and to look upon them as fathers from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. Indeed this sentiment of affection and respect suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives. It seems to me to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.—Docility, which consists in submitting to directions, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, in a manner hatches, warms, and moistens it; so likewise the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the masters and the scholars. Gratitude for those who have laboured in our education, is the character of an honest man, and the mark of a good heart. Who is there among us, says Cicero, that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up?

Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and

for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their exactness and severity displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe to them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we then discern that what made us dislike them, I mean admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, is expressly the very thing which should make us esteem and love them. Thus we see that Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked the gods for two things especially—for his having had excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children. Quinctilian, after having noted the different characters of the mind in children, draws in a few words the image of what he judged to be a perfect scholar; and certainly it is a very amiable one: "For my part," says he, "I like a child who is encouraged by commendation, is animated by a sense of glory, and weeps when he is outdone. A noble emulation will always keep him in exercise, a reprimand will touch him to the quick, and honour will serve instead of a spur. We need not fear that such a scholar will ever give himself up to sullenness."—Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitet, quem gloria juvet, qui virtus fleat. Hic erit alendus ambitu: hunc mordebit objurgatio: hunc honor excitabit: in hoc desidiam numquam verebor. How great a value soever Quinctilian sets upon the talents of the mind, he esteems those of the heart far beyond them, and looks upon the others as of no value without them. In the same chapter from whence I took the preceding words, he declares, he never should have a good opinion of a child who placed his study in occasioning laughter, by mimicking the behaviour, mien, and faults of others; and he presently gives

an admirable reason for it: "A child," says he, "cannot be truly ingenious, in my opinion, unless he be good and virtuous; otherwise I should rather choose to have him dull and heavy than of a bad disposition." Non dabit spem bonæ indolis, qui hoc imitandi studio petit, ut rideatur. Nam probus quoque imprimis erit ille vere ingeniosus: alioqui non pejus duxerim tardi esse ingenii, quam mali. He displays to us all these talents in the eldest of his two children, whose character he draws, and whose death he laments in so eloquent and pathetic a strain, in the beautiful preface to his sixth book. I shall beg leave to insert here a small extract of it, which will not be useless to the boys, as they will find a model which suits well with their age and condition. After having mentioned his younger son, who died at five years old, and described the graces and beauties of his countenance, the prettiness of his expressions, the vivacity of his understanding, which began to shine through the veil of childhood: "I had still left me," says he, "my son Quinctilian, in whom I placed all my pleasure and all my hopes, and comfort enough I might have found in him, for having now entered into his tenth year, he did not produce only blossoms like his younger brother, but fruits already formed, and beyond the power of disappointment. I have much experience—but I never saw in any child, I do not say only so many excellent dispositions for the sciences, nor so much taste, as his masters know, but so much probity, sweetness, god-nature, gentleness, and inclination to please and oblige, as I discerned in him; besides this, he had all the advantages of nature, a charming voice, a pleasing countenance, and a surprising facility in pronouncing well the two languages, as if he had been equally born for both of them. But all this

was no more than hopes—I set a greater value upon his admirable virtues, his equality of temper, his resolution, the courage with which he bore up against fear and pain, for how were his physicians astonished at his patience under a distemper of eight months continuance, when at the point of death he comforted me himself, and bade me not to weep for him! and delirious as he sometimes was at his last moments, his tongue ran of nothing else but learning and the sciences: O vain and deceitful hopes!" &c.

Are there many boys amongstus of whom we can truly say so much to their advantage as Quinctilian says here of his son? What a shame would it be for them, if, born and brought up in a Christian country, they had not even the virtues of Pagan children! I make no scruple to repeat them here again—docility, obedience, respect for their masters, or rather a degree of affection, and the source of an eternal gratitude; zeal for study, and a wonderful thirst after the sciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice and irregularity; an admirable fund of probity, goodness, gentleness, civility, and liberality; as also patience, courage, and greatness of soul in the course of a long sickness. What then was wanting to all these virtues? That which alone could render them truly worthy the name, and must be in a manner the soul of them, and constitute their whole value—the precious gift of faith and piety; the saving knowledge of a Mediator; a sincere desire of pleasing God, and referring all our actions to him.

THE HONOUR AND ADVANTAGE OF A CONSTANT ADHERENCE TO *TRUTH.*

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

PETRARCH, a celebrated Italian poet who flourished about four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occured in the household of this nobleman, which was carried so far that recourse was had to arms. The cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves by a most solemn oath on the Gospels to declare the whole truth. Every one without exception submitted to this determination; even the Bishop of Luna, brother to the cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the cardinal closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your *word* is sufficient."*

A story similar to this is related of Zenocrates, an Athenian philosopher, who lived three hundred years before Christ, and was educated in the school of Plato. The people of Athens entertained so high an opinion of his probity, that one day when he approached the altar to confirm by an oath the truth of what he had asserted, the judges unanimously declared his word to be sufficient evidence.

* See the life of Petrarch, elegantly translated by Mrs. Dobson.

IDLENESS AND IRRESOLUTION.

HORACE, a celebrated Roman poet, relates, that a countryman, who wanted to pass over a river, stood loitering on the banks of it, in the foolish expectation that a current so rapid would soon discharge its waters. But the stream still flowed, increased, perhaps, by fresh torrents from the mountains; and it must for ever flow, because the sources from which it is derived are inexhaustible.

Thus the *idle and irresolute youth* trifles over his books, or wastes in play his precious moments—deferring the task of improvement, which at first is easy to be accomplished, but which will become more and more difficult the longer it is neglected.

AFFECTION TO PARENTS.

AN amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the sincerest grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. "So I thought," replied the youth, "whilst my parent was living: but now I recollect with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF

COLBERT'S GOOD FORTUNE.

SULLY and Colbert, to whom the glorious æras of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. owed so much of their splendor, having frequently been mentioned, on occasion of the talents of Necker,

and the downfall of the French monarchy, it may not be unwelcome to our readers to be made acquainted with the real cause of Colbert's success.

Jean Baptiste Colbert, born at Rheims in 1619, came very young to Paris to learn the business of a counting-house. From thence he went to Lyons, but disagreeing with his employer, returned to Paris, become secretary to a rector and procurator, and then commis to M. Sabathier, tresorier des parties casuelles.

Another J. B. Colbert, seigneur de St. Pouange, our Colbert's uncle on the mother's side, got him, in 1648, into the service of Le Tellier, secretary of state, whose sister he had married. The young man soon distinguished himself in this situation for his diligence and punctuality.

Le Tellier once dispatched him to Cardinal Mazarin, who then lived at Sedan, to deliver him a letter from the queen-mother; strictly enjoining him at the same time to bring the letter back with him. Colbert, on arriving at Sedan, delivered to the cardinal the queen's letter, together with the note with which Le Tellier had accompanied it.—Going the next morning to fetch the answer, the cardinal put into his hands a sealed pacquet. But, as he did not give him the letter from the queen, Colbert asked him for it, and was answered by the minister that it was put up in the pacquet, and that he had nothing to do but to take his departure. Colbert immediately broke open the seal, to convince himself of the truth. The minister, astonished at this piece of assurance, called him an impudent fellow, and snatched the pacquet out of his hand. Colbert, without being abashed, told him, that supposing the pacquet to have been made up by one of his secretaries, he thought it possible that in the hurry of business the letter of the queen mother might have been forgot; that he was thus

cautious, as M. Le Tellier, his master, had expressly ordered him not to come back without the letter.

The cardinal now pretended very urgent affairs, and appointed Colbert to wait on him again the next morning. At length, after various subterfuges and evasions, seeing that Colbert would not go away without the leter, he gave it to him, and Colbert examined it carefully on all sides to see whether it was the same. The minister asked him whether he thought him capable of imposing a false one upon him? Colbert remained an answer in his debt; and set out on his journey.

Some time afterwards, the cardinal made his appearance again at court, and requested of Le Tellier to procure him a clever person to write his agenda under him. Le Tellier recommended Colbert to him. The minister thought he knew his face, and asked him where he had seen him, and on what occasion?

Colbert, as may be easily imagined, was all in a tremor on telling him that he had been at Sedan—for he was afraid lest the minister might resent the earnest manner in which he extorted from him the restoration of the letter. But this recollection was so far from hurting him with his eminence, that he took him into his service on the express condition that he should serve him with the same zeal and fidelity he had shewn to his former master.

Colbert was so devoted to him, and gave him so many proofs of his prudence and sagacity, that, on the death of Joubert, he was appointed intendant to his eminence.—And this was the beginning of the prodigious success of this prudent young man.

Colbert died the 6th of September, 1683, in the 64th year of his age; and, to the disgrace of humanity, so great was the hatred of the populace of Paris against this truly great man, that it was

found expedient to bury him at midnight, and the corpse was only attended by the night-watch of the city.

Voltaire, in touching on the injustice of the public towards this minister, concludes with the following lines:

Cet homme unique, & l'auteur & l'appui
D'une grandeur d'ame ou nous n'osions prétendre,
Vit tout l'état murmurer contre lui,
Et le Francois osa troubler la cendre
Du bienfaiteur qu'il révere aujourd'hui.

INKLE AND YARICO.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

MR. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on board the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossessions towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth who is the

hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who had hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. On his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, upon a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him.—After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it.—She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and

sleep amidst the fall of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his own country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind and weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanitd him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes.—When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect on his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. On this consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant, notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commisserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him. But he only made use of that information to rise in his demands on the purchaser!

BRIEF REMARKS ON YOUTH.

(Concluded from page 38.)

THE season of youth is peculiarly favourable for the cultivation of friendship: friends therefore should be sought and secured during the early part of our existence. There is a peculiar frankness and ingenuousness about youth, which is an excellent basis for friendly alliances: chicanery and deceit are not yet known—fraud or dissimulation are not needed in order to promote our worldly views; we appear in our native garments. Two minds thus attired coming in contact (provided they are of similarity of turn) are sure to form a close and most probably a lasting union. From the frankness innate in youth, it is undoubtedly certain that it is exposed to a great variety of dangers—it may be imposed upon by the artful and designing—it may become an instrument of evil in the hands of crafty persons: young people should therefore be cautious in their friendships; they should not be taken with first sights, or with the sincerest professions; but before they join in intimacy they should diligently inquire into the character, and if this be unreproachable, they then should form alliances without reserve. For of this young people may be certain, that sooner or later in life they will stand in need of the assistance of their fellow-creatures: and friendships are never so strongly formed as when they are formed early in life. Beautiful in the extreme are the lines of Dr. Young upon this subject:

Deliberate on all things with thy friend—
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core,
First on thy friend deliberate with thyself,

Pause, ponder, sift—not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix ;
Judge before *friendship*, then *confide till death*.
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
Poor is the friendless master of the world !
A world in purchase for a friend is gain—
High flavour'd bliss for gods !—on *earth* how rare !

Youth, again, is the best time for education. It has been remarked by medical persons that the sleep of one hour before midnight is preferable to the sleep of all the following hours of darkness—so one year of youth for learning is preferable to the whole life afterwards, could it be applied to that purpose. The things which youths should learn may be comprised under the two following heads—*self-government* and the *increase of knowledge*. In regard to the first of these, what period of our days so well as youth for this acquisition? We are then free from the custom of a foolish world, our passions being young are pliable, and can consequently be trained with greater facility than in after life for any valuable purpose they were originally designed to answer. Prejudice and a particular bias then have no hold on our affections; every thing being equally novel, has an equal chance to engage our affections. As we advance in years we insensibly imbibe the notions of those around us, unless we have previously fixed our opinions upon principles of rectitude. Fretted and vexed by the untoward events of life and the disappointments which attend human affairs, we give way in after-life to our froward passions, unless we have gained a complete mastery over them previous to our being immersed in the broils of public situations. As to the increase of knowledge, youth is the fittest time for this, since our faculties are more vigorous, our minds

less encumbered; and although indolence too often prevents our progress in this stage of our days, yet it is a certain fact that in advanced life a far greater inactivity and listlessness will prevail, should there even be (which very seldom happens) an equal opportunity. Some few persons of great natural abilities, but of an indolent habit, have, after wasting a great part of their earlier life, in consequence of some event that has roused their native energies, exerted themselves, and acquired considerable celebrity—but these characters are very few. Those who have made the greatest display in the literary world have been close applicants to study in their early days. "How shalt thou (says an excellent work) arrive at the knowledge of truth—how shalt thou ascend the footsteps of her throne? If thou wouldst mount up into her throne, *first bow thyself at her footstool*; if thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her, *first inform thyself of thine own ignorance*. The way to her is *labour*; *attention* is the pilot that must conduct thee into her ports: but weary not in the way, for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure."—These remarks are equally true when referred to knowledge and learning in general.

Lastly—Youth is the best season for attending to religion. Religion, I here take for granted is admitted to be of the first necessity. To examine the proofs of the Christian religion is not my intention in this essay. From our youth forming so great a part of our present life, I think we have a *presumptive* evidence that we are to live beyond the grave. Why, says reason, should we be *twenty* years acquiring knowledge, if forty or fifty years afterwards are the *only times* in which we can use it? If we have so much of our life appropriated *expressly* for the acquisition of knowledge, and if we are capable of gaining more and more know-

ledge every day of our life, reason asserts that there must be another state in which this knowledge will be useful. Revelation steps forward and assists reason in finding this state, and tell us that attention to religion is the way to secure it. The young should not delay the acquisition of piety, which is the key to the heavenly mansion; for with youth, as well as with age, it is a fact, that in the midst of life we are in death: this moment we are alive, the next may find us a corpse! Well does the lovely Watts exclaim—

> Good God, on what a *feeble thread*
> Hang everlasting things!

Youth is, farther, the best time for religion, since by imbibing pious principles early we shall steer through life with calmness, dignity, and judgment. When a young person sets out in life without religion (and too many are of this cast) he is tost to and fro by every wind—the jeers of the thoughtless, the jokes of the frivolous, the sarcasms of the infidels, and (if I may so speak) the *irrational rationality* of the atheist, all by turns distress and confuse him. How different is *his* happy case who sets out with the Bible in his hand: every custom and every sentiment he meets with, he brings and examines by this all-perfect standard. Integrity he holds fast, piety he defends, friendship with virtuous and enlightened men he cherishes, folly he persecutes, life he enjoys, death he welcomes.

> Religion should our thoughts engage
> Amidst our earliest bloom:
> 'Twill fit us for advancing age—
> 'Twill fit us for the tomb.
>
> FAWCETT.

To conclude—My young friends, resolve from this important period of your life (for a new year may

be called so) to be religious. Review the events of your past life, correct your evil propensities, confirm and extend your good resolutions, draw suitable and obvious inferences from the various bereavements by death or disappointments in life which you have experienced, and determine as much as lies in your power to be circumspect in regard to your conduct for the years which may yet await you, by being true to God, and consequently just to man. Be humble, be cautious—your blood beats high, prudence in all your pursuits is therefore the more necessary; act upon the directions left us by the Great Friend to sinners—then shall you have satisfaction during the remaining years of life, and look forward to a state of blessedness when time and years shall be no longer.

And ye who are parents and guardians of youth, recollect the charge which you possess; watch over their opening powers with attention: allure them to piety and goodness by shewing in your own example and practice the beauty of holiness; remember each year that passes brings them considerably nearer to a period of life when they will shake off your authority; seize therefore the present moment for giving instruction—for who can describe the sorrow you will feel should they from your negligence do wrong? Who can paint the pleasure which you will experience in seeing them grow up in virtue while you live, owing to your instruction? Or the still greater rapture with which, in a future state, you will each exclaim—"Lord, here am I with the children thou hast given me!" Let every parent engrave these verses of Cotton's excellent poem on the Fire-side deep on his heart, and act under their influence, then shall joy and satisfaction attend them:

Our babes shall richest comforts bring,
If *tutor'd right*, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

Happy Author, who could thus express himself—happy Parents who can thus act—happy Children who receive and obey such instruction and tutelage!

Hackney, J. FULLAGAR.
Jan. 1. 1802,

THE LATE LORD CHATHAM.

LORD CHATHAM was educated at Eton, and in no very particular manner distinguished himself at that celebrated seminary. Virgil in early life was his favourite author. He was by no means a good Greek scholar; and though he occasionally copied the arrangement and the expressions of Demosthenes with great success in his speeches, he perhaps drew them from the Collana translation of that admirable orator (that book having been frequently seen in his room by a great lawyer some time deceased). The sermons of the great Dr. Barrow and of Abernethy were favourite books with him; and of the sermons of the late Mr. Mudge of Plymouth he always spoke very

highly. He once declared in the House of Commons that no book had ever been perused by him with equal instruction with the Lives of Plutarch.*

Lord Chatham was an extremely fine reader of tragedy; and a lady of rank and taste, now living, declares with what satifaction she has heard him read some of Shakespeare's historical plays, particularly those of Henry the Fourth and Fifth. She however uniformly observed that when he came to the comic or buffoon parts of these plays he always gave the book to one of his relations, and when they were gone through, he took the book again.

Dr. Johnson says acutely, that no man is a hypocrite in his amusements; and those of Lord Chatham seem always to have borne the stamp of greatness about them. His taste in laying out grounds was exquisite. One scene in the gardens of South Lodge on Enfield Chace (which was designed by him), that of the temple of Pan and its accompaniments, is mentioned by Mr. Whately in his "Observations on Modern Gardening," as one of the happiest of well-directed and appropriate decoration.

Endued with an elegant, an ardent, and an exalted understanding, he took no delight in that minuteness of detail which occupies the mind without enlarging it. He was not a man of much various and general knowledge; but the powers of his mind, like the soul of the dervise in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, seem to have been entirely under the command of his will: † he could throw

* Lord Monboddo on the Origin of Language.

† "J'ai souvent entendu dire, que tout ce qu'on pouvoit faire soi-même, il ne falloit point pas le laisser faire par autrui. Pour moi je pense, et je soutiens tout le contraire. Tout ce qu'on peut

them into whatever subject it was necessary they should embrace. This sublime faculty induced Mr. Cummins, the celebrated American Quaker, to say of him, "The first time I come to Mr. Pitt upon any business, I find him extremely ignorant; the second time I come to him, I find him completely informed upon it."

The energy of mind of this great man (that distinguishing feature of his character) appeared even in little things. He was once, whilst he was secretary of state, directing the improvements in the grounds of a friend of his near London, and was called to that city sooner than he expected, on the arrival of some important dispatches. On receiving the summons in the evening, he immediately sallied out, attended by all the servants he could get together, with lanterns, and planted stakes in the different places for which he intended clumps and trees.

His lordship had in early life a very elegant turn for poetry, which occupations of greater moment prevented him from cultivating. By the kindness and liberality of the Marquis of Buckingham, this collection is enriched with a copy of verses written by Lord Chatham.

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faire par autrui, il faut s'epargner la peine de le faire soi-même; mais s'il ne faut pas tout faire, il ne faut rien dedaigner. Surveiller tout ce qu'on fait en notre nom, avoir des principes, les consigner à ceux qui travaillent sous nous, prendre bien garde qu'ils ne se en écartent, s'essurer de leur besogne, enfin savoir se faire aider, c'est en cela qu'on reconnoit l'Homme d'Etat, l'homme capable des grandes choses. Savoir gouverner les causes secondes, et non être gouverne par elles, est un art sublime."—*Les Loisirs d'un Ministre, par M. D'Argenson.*

TO THE

RIGHT HON. RICHARD GRENVILLE TEMPLE,

LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.

INVITATION TO SOUTH LODGE.*

From "Tyrrhena Regum Progenies," &c.

FROM Norman princes sprung, their virtues heir,
Cobham, for thee my vaults inclose
Tokai's smooth cask unpierc'd. Here purer air,
Breathing sweet pink and balmy rose,

Shall meet thy wish'd approach. Haste then away,
Nor round and round for ever rove
The magic Ranelagh, or nightly stray
In gay Spring Gardens glittering grove.

Forsake the town's huge mass, stretch'd long and wide,
Pall'd with profusion's sickening joys;
Spurn the vain capital's insipid pride,
Smoke, riches, politics, and noise.

Change points the blunted sense of sumptuous pleasure;
And neat repasts in sylvan shed,
Where nature's simple boon is all the treasure,
Care's brow with smiles have often spread.

Now flames Andromeda's effulgent sire,
Now rages Procyon's kindled ray,
Now madd'ning Leo darts his stellar fire,
Fierce suns revolve the parching day.

* A seat of Mr. Pitt on Enfield Chace.

The shepherd now moves faint with languid flock
To riv'let fresh and bow'ry grove,
To cool retirements of high-arching rock,
O'er the mute stream no zephyrs move.

Yet weighing subsidies and England's weal,
You still in anxious thought call forth
Dark ills, which Gaul and Prussia deep conceal,
Or fierce may burst from lowering North.

All-seeing Wisdom, kind to mortals, hides
Time's future births in gloomy night;
Too-busy care with pity, Heaven derides,
Man's fond, officious, feeble might.

Use then aright the present. Things to be,
Uncertain flow, like Thames; now peaceful borne
In even bed, soft gliding down to sea;
Now mould'ring shores, and oaks uptorn,

Herds, cottages, together swept away,
Headlong he rolls; the pendent woods
And bellowing cliffs proclaim the dire dismay,
When the fierce torrents rouse the tranquil floods.

They, masters of themselves, they happy live,
Whose hearts at ease can say secure,
"This day rose not in vain; let Heav'n next give
Or clouded skies, or sunshine pure."

Yet never what swift Time behind has cast,
Shall back return. No pow'r the thing
That was bid not have been; for ever past,
It flies on unrelenting wing.

Fortune, who joys perverse in mortal woe,
Still frolicking with cruel play,
Now may on me her giddy smile bestow,
Now wanton to another stray.

If constant, I caress her; if she flies
On fickle plumes, farewell her charms!
All dower I wave (save what good Fame supplies),
And wrap my soul in Freedom's arms.

'Tis not for me to shrink with mean despair,
Favour's proud ships should whirlwinds toss;
Nor venal idols sooth with bart'ring prayer,
To shield from wreck opprobrious dross.

Midst all the tumults of the warring sphere,
My light-charge bark may haply glide;
Some gale may waft, some conscious thought shall cheer,
And the small freight unanxious glide.

WILLIAM PITT.
1750.

Soon after Sir Robert Walpole had taken away his cornet's commission from this extraordinary man, he used to drive himself about the country in a one-horse chaise, without a servant. At each town to which he came, the people gathered round his carriage, and received him with the loudest acclamations.

Lord Chatham thought very highly of the effects of dress and of dignity of manner upon makind. He was never seen on business without a full-dress coat and a tye-wig, and he never permitted his under-secretaries to sit down before him.

A general officer was once asked by Lord Chatham how many men he should require for a certain expedition? "Ten thousand," was the answer.—"You shall have twelve thousand," said the minister, "and then if you do not succeed, it is your fault."

The original of the character of Praxiteles, in Mr. Greville's very entertaining book of Maxims, is said to have been Lord Chatham.

The late King of Prussia, in his History of the Seven Years War, thus describes his lordship :— " L'eloquence et la genie de M. Pitt avoint rendu l'idole de la nation, c'etoit la meilleure tete d'Angleterre. Il avoit subjugué la Chambre Basse par la force de la parole. Il y regnoit, il en étoit, pour ainsi dire, l'ame. Parvenu au timon des affaires, il appliqna toute l'étendue de son genie à rendre à sa patrie la domination des mers ; et pensant en grande homme, il fut indigné de la Convention de Closter Seven, qu'il regardoit comme l'opprobre des Anglois."

This great minister was never so unfortunate as to engage his country in that most fatal of all calamities, a war with a formidable enemy.* He, indeed, on coming into administration, found his country under the pressure of that dreadful evil, which he carried on with a sagacity of plan and an energy

* " Incident to this point, The greatness of kingdoms (says Lord Bacon) is for a state to have those laws and customs which may reach forth unto them just occasions (as may be pretended) of war. For there is that justice imprinted in the nature of men, that they enter not upon wars (whereof so many calamities do ensue) but upon some, at the least, specious grounds and quarrels."

* * * * * *

" As for the wars which were antiently made on the behalf of a kind of party, or tacit conformity of estate, I do not see how they may be well justified. As when the Lacedemonians and Athenians made wars to set up or pull down democracies or oligarchies; or when wars were made by foreigners, under the pretence of justice or oppression, to deliver the subjects of others from tyranny and oppres-

of execution,* which would have ensured a glorious and an honourable peace—such a peace as a conquering can ever dictate to a conquered nation—such a peace as a people still fresh in resources, and animated with that ardour of enterprize which success never fails to inspire, can enforce upon a people exhausted with various misery, and dispirited by continual defeats. Of his commanders both by land and by sea, he was certain: he gave them his confidence, and he had theirs in return. He never suffered the success of his measures, his own honour, and the safety of his country to be endangered by permitting persons to be imposed upon him as defenders of them, who were not under a necessity of looking up to him for their protection and support.

As an administrator of a commercial country, Lord Chatham was obliged to call in to its aid the mercenary troops of other nations: these, indeed,

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sion, and the like."—*Essay on the Greatness of Kingdoms.*

* During the administration of Lord Chatham, Sir Charles Frederick, surveyor-general of the ordnance, was ordered one day to attend him, at that time confined to his bed with a severe fit of the gout. Mr. Pitt said, "The battering train in the Tower must be at Portsmouth on the morning of the next day at seven o'clock." Sir Charles attempted to shew the impossibility of executing this order. Mr. Pitt interrupting him replied, "At your peril, Sir, let it be done!" and it was done accordingly. Sir C. Frederick left him at seven o'clock in the evening. Mr. Pitt received an express from every stage the train reached in its passage to Portsmouth.

he subsidised with a liberal, but with a prudent hand. He treated those traffickers in human blood in the same manner as a wise keeper of wild beasts treats those animals from whose well-regulated exertions he draws his means of living. The remuneration in one case, like the piece of raw flesh in the other, was not dispensed till the necessary service was performed; till the animals had performed their gambols; till the soldiers had finished the task of devastation and of slaughter for which they were hired. He never so completely saturated stipendiarian rapacity that, in actual violation of the eternal law of attraction, it appeared to forego its affinity with gold itself, its best-beloved and most congenial metal—that metal which from time immemorial had inspired its efforts, had made it mock at peril, at danger, and despise even death itself.

Though imposed upon his sovereign, George the Second, as minister, Lord Chatham ever treated him with that respect which gratified the monarch, and did honour to himself. No infirmity occasioned by disease, nor even the solicitation of the sovereign, could prevail upon him to be seated in his presence. When he was not able to stand, he received his commands kneeling upon a stool—and with this elegant and flattering mark of respect the king expressed himself highly pleased to one of his attendants, after the first audience he ever afforded to the minister not chosen by himself.

MADEIRA.

DURING the recent establishment of our troops at this island, they experienced from the natives the most polite and hospitable reception.—The inhabitants are fond of shew and ceremony; the superior orders are indolent and honourable; the middle class, industrious and honest; and the mobile, servile and lazy.

The 85th regiment occupied the Loo and Pico, or Spanish castles, the principal batteries commanding Funchal bay, &c. The Portuguese soldiers, if such they may be called, partook of the duty with much cordiality; they are very indifferent in point of discipline, and contemptible with regard to appointment; they have but a limitted supply of ammunition, and that of the worst description—their balls being unsuited to their guns, and their guns (of which there is a profusion) being for the greater part unfit for service.

The revenues which the crown is entitled to receive from Madeira, including the taxes of Port Sancto, amounts to 10 per cent. on all produce, except the imports of the islands, and consequently varies according to the richness of the vintages, and the demand for their wines in different seasons. However, the officer of the customs, a few years ago, agreed with government to pay a certain sum annually, and purchase the Fiscal income at his own risque. By that compromise it is supposed nearly two-thirds of the money collected from the taxable property and duties is clear gain to the gentleman employed in this department.

The public edifices most deserving notice are the governor's palace, the cathedral, the monastery of St. Francis and the college.

The palace is an old building that borders on the

sea. It is fortified by a parapet and some towers; the rooms are spacious, and were formerly very elegant, but are much injured by time. A governor, during a cannonade, would be in more danger from the massy stones of his castle, or the rebounding of his own guns, than from the explosions of those of the enemy.

The monastery of St. Francis is a spacious and convenient asylum for the pious and world-sick. The church is large and handsomely decorated, though part is left unfinished, and affords an apology for the brethren to solicit money for the purpose of completing it. To this religious institution is committed the care of the sacred images which are used in solemn processions. These friars have good accommodations, a fine gaden, and, if we may judge from appearances, are not obliged by poverty to mortify the flesh with unreasonable fasting.

The cathedral is a venerable gothic pile, richly ornamented, and contains a number of good paintings. Here service is performed every day, and as it is of royal endowment, the paraphernalia of religion is splendid and superb. Between the cathedral and the church of St. Francis is a fine public garden, at one end of which is a marble obelisk, erected over a fountain, whose waters are spouted from the heads of satyrs into a capacious bason. On the north side is an hospital for aged and infirm of both sexes, where the sick and superannuated are comfortably and decently supported.

The college is a noble building, erected by the Jesuits. It is built in the style of Roman architecture, and adorned on the outside with a number of marble statues of the holy fathers, placed in niches, as large as life. It has extensive gardens, and is a monument of the power, wealth, and taste of its founders. The bishop has the presidency of this

seminary, and, under his direction, suitable professors and tutors are employed in educating young men for the priesthood. The students are obliged to dress in the clerical habit, and to officiate as assistants and choiresters in the celebration of Mass. As the institution is under the controul of the ecclesiastics, and the course of study pursued by the youth confined to theology, the college of Madeira will not be expected to produce many scientific luminaries.

The custom-house is spacious and convenient. It is guarded by a battery of six 32-pounders. In the area sentinels are placed night and day, and here the merchants assemble to transact business. Strong and well-secured apartments are situated in the rear, for the storage of goods and public property. The bishop's place of residence is plain, though beautiful, and distinguished by the appellation of a palace.

On the north side of the island of Madeira, but near the shore, is a large insulated rock, which is perforated entirely through—the hand of nature having formed a spacious arch, whose appearance, rugged and vast, with the sea dashing tumultuously under it, is truly sublime.

In this city a printing apparatus is not allowed, and the only newspaper that is tolerated is a written one; this is a mere price current, containing information a week old, and a French emigrant priest is editor and scribe. A theatre was built a few years ago, but was soon deserted by the buskined heroes, and it is now converted into a store-house.

ALPHABET OF PRUDENCE.

Composed by Dr. Watts, and dedicated to Sir Thomas Abney's three Daughters in his excellent book "The Art of reading and writing true English," now out of print, and forgotten by an ungrateful nation.

A.

ATTEND the advice of the old and the wise.

B.

Be not angry, nor fret—but forgive and forget.

C.

Can you think it no ill to pilfer and steal?

D.

Do the thing you are bid, nor be sullen when chid.

E.

Envy none for their wealth, or their honor, or health.

F.

Fear, worship, and love the great GOD above.

G.

Grow quiet and easy when fools try to teaze ye.

H.

Honor father and mother, love sister and brother.

I.

It is dangerous folly to jest with things holy.

K.

Keep your cloaths without spot, your books without blot.

L.

Let your hands do no wrong, nor backbite with your tongue.

M.

Make haste to obey, nor dispute nor delay.

N.

Never stay within hearing of cursing or swearing.

O.

Offer God all the prime of your strength and your time.

P.

Provoke not the poor though he live at your door.

Q.

Quit all evil thoughts, and mourn for your faults.

R.

Remember the liar has part in hell-fire.

S.

Shun the wicked and rude, but converse with the good.

T.

Transgress not the rule or at home or at school.

V.

Vie still with the best, and excel all the rest.

W.

When you are at your play, take heed what you say.

X.

'Xcuse but with truth the follies of youth.

Y.

Yield a little for peace, and let quarrelling cease.

Z.

Zeal and charity join'd make you pious and kind.

If a few public-spirited tutors of youth, school-masters, and governesses were to join, this book would soon be re-printed and spread through the united kingdom.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

ADDRESSED BY HIS HIGHNESS OMDUT UL OMERAH BAHAUDER, LATE NABOB OF THE CARNATIC, TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD CLIVE.

Translated from the Persian in the Nabob's own hand-writing.

A HUSBANDMAN had a rich and extensive garden, fair as the face of nature, planted with tall and majestic trees, whose fruit hung in vast clusters, like strings of amber, tinged by the ruby's brightest hue: a river, delicious as the streams of Samerkand, flowed through it, margined by the most delightful verdure, adorned by bowers that diffused odoriferous sweets, which, like the musk of Koten, perfumed the air. The Husbandman had a large family and numerous dependants, and from the produce of the garden they enjoyed the gaieties of profusion beneath the wide spreading vine of contentment. A *Stranger* from a far *distant country* appeared among them: the door of hospitality was opened to him, and he was welcomed with the embrace of sincerity. The Husbandman addressed the *Stranger*, and his language was devoid of guile:—you shall reside with us, and we will *be brothers*; our interest shall *be one*, and we will *reciprocally* assist each other; a *portion* of this garden shall be yours, and from the remainder (which Providence has blessed with abundance) you shall have a share of the choicest fruits in common with us.—The *Stranger* tuned the instrument of joy, and sung in praise of generosity and friendship, of candour and sincerity—but, alas! the words of the *Stranger* flowed not from the *heart*. In the neighbouring towns he soon formed con-

nections which rendered him *powerful*, and he followed the guidance of *ambition*. He complained to the Husbandman that the compact which had been formed between them had been departed from: that the servants of the Husbandman had committed violence against his people and possessions, and that in order to create security against *future depredations*, the separate authorities should be *united in one*, and that he should hold the reins. The Husbandman heard with sorrow the suggestions of the *Stranger*, and the thorn of affliction pierced him to the soul; he placed in his view the occurrences of former times, and pressed on his consideration the unsolicited kindness which he had received when *accident* introduced them to the knowledge of each other. The *Stranger* heard the Husbandman with indifference, and treated him *with contempt*. The dwelling of the Husbandman was no longer the mansion of security—the people of the *Stranger* destroyed his bowers, the trees of the garden were deprived of their fruit ere they had been touched by the hand of maturity; scarcity and want stalked through the once enchanting spot, and the vine of contentment withered and decayed. The *Stranger* viewed the dreary change with *exultation* and *triumph*, and charged the Husbandman with misconduct and *abuse of power*. The tongue of malevolence dwelt on the theme; and the world, in recounting the misfortunes of the Husbandman, spoke of his misconduct and his abuse of power, and exclaimed—he is justly punished! The Husbandman's anguish burst forth, and he said—The chilling blasts of calumny have destroyed the fair blossoms of my fame, and the voice of friendship is heard no more within my habitation. The sun of my glory, by its lengthened shade, shews how nearly it has approached the region where darkness commences, and where all is horror. My generosity

has proved injurious to my prosperity—my sincerity has procured reproaches, and the friend of my bosom turns against me with a hostile hand. Crushed are all my hopes, and the prospect of happiness vanishes from my sight—the rose has fallen, and the stalk, with all its thorns, alone remains in my hand!——What can I write more?

My lord, I complain!—I complain!—I complain!

SINGULAR TAKING OF LOUISBOURG,

BY THE AMERICANS, IN 1745.

Communicated by John Evans, A. M.

From Belknap's History of New Hampshire, just published.

THE island of Cape-Breton (so denominated from one of its capes) lies between the forty-fifth and forty-seventh degrees of north latitude; at the distance of fifteen leagues from Cape Ray, the south-western extremity of Newfoundland. It is separated from the main land of Nova Scotia by a norrow strait, six leagues in length, the navigation of which is safe for a ship of forty guns. The greatest length of the island, from north-east to south west, is about fifty leagues, and its greatest breadth thirty-three. It is about eighty-eight leagues in circuit as seamen estimate distances. Its general form is triangular, but it is indented by many deep bays.

The soil of this island is by no means inviting: it is either rocky and mountainous, or else cold and boggy, and much less capable of improvement than Nova-Scotia. Its only valuable productions are of the fossil kind, pit-coal and plaster. Its atmosphere in the spring and summer is an almost continual fog, which prevents the rays of the sun from perfecting vegetation. Its winter is severe and of long continuance; and as the island forms an eddy to the current which sets through the gulf of St.

Lawrence, its harbours are filled with large quantities of floating ice, with which its shores are environed till late in the spring.

Much has been said by French and English writers on the great importance and advantage of this island—and some political and temporary purposes were doubtless to be answered by such publication: but in fact the only real importance of Cape-Breton was derived from its central situation and the convenience of its ports. On the north and west sides it is steep and inaccessible, but the south-eastern side is full of fine bays and harbours, capable of receiving and securing ships of any burden, and, being situated between Canada, France, and the West-Indies, it was extremely favourable to the French commerce. It was not so good a station for the fishery as several parts of Nova-Scotia and Newfoundland. The greater part of the French fishery was prosecuted elsewhere; and they could buy fish at Canseau cheaper than they could cure it at Cape-Breton.

Whilst the French held possession of the coasts of Nova-Scotia and Newfoundland, this island was neglected; but after they had ceded these places to the crown of England, and the crown of England had ceded this island to them by the treaty of Utrecht (1713), they began to see its value. Instead of giving so much attention to the fur trade of Canada as they had before done, they contemplated building a fortified town on this island, as a security to their navigation and fishery. For this purpose they chose a fine harbour on the south-east side of the island, formerly called English harbour, where they erected their fortifications, and called the place Louisbourg.

The harbour of Louisbourg lies in latitude 45° 55′; its entrance is about four hundred yards wide. The anchorage is uniformly safe, and ships may

run ashore on a soft muddy bottom. The depth of water at the enrrance is from nine to twelve fathoms. The harbour lies open to the south-east. Upon a neck of land on the south side of the harbour was built the town, two miles and a quarter in circumference, fortified in every accessible part with a rampart of stone, from thirty to sixty feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide; a space of about two hundred yards was left without a rampart on the side next the sea, it was enclosed by a simple dike and a line of pickets. The sea was so shallow in this place that it made only a narrow channel, inaccessible from its numerous reefs to any shipping whatever. The side fire from the bastions secured this spot from an attack. There were six bastions and three batteries, containing embrasures for one hundred and forty-eight cannon, of which sixty-five only were mounted, and sixteen mortars. On an island at the entrance of the harbour was planted a battery of thirty cannon, carrying twenty-eight pounds shot; and at the bottom of the harbour, directly opposite to the entrance, was the grand or royal battery of twenty-eight cannon, forty-two pounders, and two eighteen pounders. On a high cliff, opposite to the island battery, stood a light-house; and within this point, at the north-east part of the harbour, was a careening wharf secure from all winds, and a magazine of naval stores.

The town was regularly laid out in squares; the streets were broad—the houses mostly of wood, but some of stone. On the west side, near the rampart, was a spacious citadel, and a large parade, on one side of which was the governor's apartments. Under the rampart were casemates to receive the women and children during a siege. The entrance of the town on the land side was at the west gate, over a draw bridge, near to which was a circular

battery, mounting sixteen guns of twenty-four pounds shot.

These works had been twenty-five years in building, and though not finished, had cost the crown not less than thirty millions of livres. The place was so strong as to be called the 'Dunkirk of America.' It was in peace a safe retreat for the ships of France bound homeward from the East and West-Indies, and in war, a source of distress to the northern English colonies, its situation being extremely favourable for privateers to ruin their fishery and interrupt their coasting and foreign trade—for which reasons, the reduction of it was an object as desirable to them as that of Carthage was to the Romans.

In the autumn, Shirley wrote to the British ministry, representing the danger of an attack on Nova-Scotia, from the French, in the ensuing spring, and praying for some naval assistance.—These letters he sent by Capt. Ryal, an officer of the garrison which had been taken at Canseau, who, 'from his particular knowledge of Louisbourg, and of the great consequence of the acquisition of Cape-Breton, and the preservation of Nova-Scotia, he hoped would be of considerable service to the northern colonies, with the lords of the admiralty.' Thus early did Shirley conceive and communicate to Wentworth his great design; and the most prudent step which he took in this whole affair was to solicit help from England. His petition, supported by that worthy officer, was so favourably received by the ministry, that as early as the beginning of January orders were dispatched to Commodore Warren, then in the West-Indies, to proceed to the northward in the spring, and employ such a force as might be sufficient to protect the northern colonies in their trade and fishery, and distress the enemy; and for this purpose to consult with

Governor Shirley, orders of the same date were written to Shirley, inclosed to Warren, directing him to assist the king's ships with transports, men, and provisions. These orders, though extremely favourable to the design, were totally unknown in New-England till the middle of April following, before which time the expedition was completely formed.

It has been said, that a plan of this famous enterprise was first suggested by William Vaughan, a son of Lieutenant-governor Vaughan of New-Hampshire. Several other persons have claimed the like merit. How far each one's information or advice contributed toward forming the design, cannot now be determined. Vaughan was largely concerned in the fishery on the eastern coast of Massachusetts. He was a man of good understanding, but of a daring, enterprising, and tenacious mind, and one who thought of no obstacles to the accomplishment of his views. An instance of his temerity is still remembered:—he had equipped, at Portsmouth, a number of boats to carry on his fishery at Montinicus. On the day appointed for sailing, in the month of March, though the wind was so boisterous that experienced mariners deemed it impossible for such vessels to carry sail, he went on board one, and ordered the others to follow; one was lost at the mouth of the river, the rest arrived with much difficulty, but in a short time, at the place of their destination. Vaughan had not been at Louisbourg, but had learned from fishermen and others something of the strength and situation of the place; and nothing being in his view impracticable which he had a mind to accomplish, he conceived a design to take the city by surprise, and even proposed going over the walls in winter on the drifts of snow. This idea of a surprisal forcibly struck the mind of Shirley, and prevailed with him

to hasten his preparations before he could have any answer or orders from England.

In the beginning of January he requested of the members of the General Court, that they would lay themselves under an oath of secresy, to receive a proposal from him of very great importance.—This was the first request of the kind which had ever been made to a legislative body in the colonies. They readily took the oath, and he communicated to them the plan which he had formed of attacking Louisbourg. The secret was kept for some days; till an honest member, who performed the family devotion at his lodgings, inadvertently discovered it by praying for a blessing on the attempt. At the first deliberation, the proposal was rejected; but by the address of the governor and the invincible perseverance of Vaughan, a petition from the merchants concerned in the fishery was brought into court, which revived the affair; and it was finally carried in the affirmative by a majority of *one* voice, in the absence of several members who were known to be against it. Circular letters were immediately dispatched to all the colonies as far as Pennsylvania, requesting their assistance, and an embargo on their ports.

With one of these letters Vaughan rode express to Portsmouth, where the assembly was sitting. Governor Wentworth immediately laid the matter before them, and proposed a conference of the two Houses to be held on the next day. The House of Representatives having caught the enthusiasm of Vaughan, were impatient of delay, and desired that it might be held immediately. It was accordingly held, and the committee reported in favour of the expedition; estimated the expence at four thousand pounds, and desired the governor to issue a proclamation for inlisting two hundred and fifty men, at twenty-five shillings per month, one month's pay

to be advanced; they also recommended that military stores and transports should be provided, and that such preparations should be made as that the whole might be ready by the beginning of March. All this was instantly agreed to, on condition that proper methods should be found to pay the charges. This could be done in no other way than by a new emission of bills of credit, contrary to the letter of royal instructions. But, by the help of Shirley, a way was found to surmount this difficulty; for on the same day he wrote to Wentworth, informing him that he had, in answer to repeated solicitations obtained a relaxation of his instructions relative to bills of credit, so far as to have leave to consent to such emissions as the exigencies of war might require, and advising him that, considering the occasion, it was probable his consenting to an emission would rather be approved than censured by his superiors. The next day he wrote again, assuring him that he might safely do it, provided that the sum to be emitted were solely appropriated to the service of the expedition. He also sent him a copy of the instruction, enjoining him to let no person know that he had sent it. Shirley himself had consented to an emission of fifty thousand pounds, to be drawn in by a tax in the years 1747 and 1748.

The House of Representatives passed a vote for an emission of ten thousand pounds toward defraying the charge of the expedition and farther carrying on the war, and the support of government; to be drawn in by taxes in ten annual payments, to begin in 1755. The council objected, and said that the grant should be wholly appropriated to the expedition, and the payments should begin in 1751. The House adhered to their vote. The governor interposed, and an altercation took place, which continued several days. The governor adjourned

the assembly till he could again ask Shirley's advice and receive his answer. At length the House altered their vote, and appointed the year 1751 for drawing in the money; augmenting the sum to thirteen thousand pounds, and at the governor's express desire they publicly assured him that they 'could not find out any other way to carry on the expedition, or in any degree shorten the period for bringing in the money.' This was done to serve as an apology for the governor's consenting to the bill, notwithstanding he had no liberty to recede from his instructions—and thus, the matter being compromised, he gave his consent.

During this tedious interval, a report was spread that the House had refused to raise men and money for the expedition; and the author of the report was sought out, and called to account by the House for his misbehaviour. The next day they altered their terms of inlistment conformably to those offered in Massachusetts, and by the 17th of February two hundred and fifty men were inlisted for the service.

The person appointed to command the expedition was Wm. Pepperrell, Esq. of Kittery, colonel of a regiment of militia—a merchant of unblemished reputation and engaging manners, extensively known both in Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, and very popular. These qualities were absolutely necessary in the commander of an army of volunteers, his own countrymen, who were to quit their domestic connections and employments, and engage in a hazardous enterprise, which none of them, from the highest to the lowest, knew how to conduct. Professional skill and experience were entirely out of the question; had these qualities been necessary, the expedition must have been laid aside—for there was no person in New-England in these respects qualified for the command. Fidelity, resolution,

and popularity must supply the place of military talents—and Pepperrell was possessed of these. It was necessary that the men should know and love their general, or they would not inlist under him.*

After this appointment was made, and while it was uncertain whether the assembly of New-Hampshire would agree with the governor in raising money for the expedition, Shirley proposed to Wentworth the raising men in New-Hampshire, to be in the pay of Massachusetts, and in the letter which he wrote on that occasion paid him the following compliment: 'It would have been an infinite satisfaction to me, and done great honor to the expedition, if your limbs would have permitted you to take the chief command.' Wentworth was charmed with the idea, and forgetting his gout, made an offer of his personal service, but not till after the assembly had agreed to his terms and the money bill was passed. Shirley was then obliged to answer him thus: 'Upon communicating your offer to two or three gentlemen in whose prudence and judgment I most confide, I found them clearly of opinion that any alteration of the present command would be attended with great risque, both with respect to the assembly and the soldiers being entirely disgusted.'

Before Pepperell accepted the command, he asked the opinion of the famous George Whitefield,

* The following private note was sent from Boston to Pepperrell, whilst at Louisbourg, and found among his papers.

'You was made general, being a popular man, most likely to raise soldiers soonest. The expedition was calculated to ESTABLISH Sh—, and make his creature W. governor of Cape-Breton, which is to be a place of refuge to him from his creditors.—Beware of snakes in the grass, and mark their hissing!'

who was then itinerating and preaching in New-England. Whitefield told him that he did not think the scheme very promising; that the eyes of all would be on him; that if it should not succeed, the widows and orphans of the slain would reproach him; and if it should succeed, many would regard him with envy, and endeavour to eclipse his glory: that he ought therefore to go with 'a single eye,' and then he would find his strength proportioned to his necessity. Henry Sherburne, the commissary of New-Hampshire, another of Whitefield's friends, pressed him to favour the expedition and give a motto for the flag; to which, after some hesitation, he consented—the motto was, '*Nil desperandum Christo duce.*' This gave the expedition the air of a crusade, and many of his followers inlisted. One of them, a chaplain, carried on his shoulders a hatchet, with which he intended to destroy the images in the French churches.

There are certain latent sparks in human nature, which, by a collision of causes, are sometimes brought to light; and when once excited, their operations are not easily controuled. In undertaking any thing hazardous, there is a necessity for extraordinary vigour of mind, and a degree of confidence and fortitude which shall raise us above the dread of danger, and dispose us to run a risque which the cold maxims of prudence would forbid. The people of New-England have at various times shewn such an enthusiastic ardor, which has been excited by the example of their ancestors and their own exposed situation. It was never more apparent, and perhaps never more necessary, than on occasion of this expedition. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that several circumstances which did not depend on human foresight, greatly favoured this undertaking.

The winters in this country are often severe, but

the winter in which this expedition was planned, and particularly the month of February, was very mild. The harbours and rivers were open, and the weather was in general so pleasant that every kind of labour could be done abroad. The fruitfulness of the preceding season had made provisions plenty. The Indians had not yet molested the frontiers; and though some of them had heard that an expedition against Cape Breton was in hand, and carried the news of it to Canada, such an attempt was so improbable, that the French gave no credit to the report—and those in Nova-Scotia did not receive the least intelligence of the preparations.—Douglass observes, that 'some guardian angel preserved the troops from taking the small-pox,' which appeared in Boston about the time of their embarkation, and was actually imported in one of the ships which was taken into the service. A concurrence of happy incidents brought together every British ship of war from the ports of the American continent and islands, till they made a formidable naval force, consisting of four ships of the line and six frigates, under the command of an active, judicious, and experienced officer. On the other hand, the garrison of Louisbourg was discontented and mutinous; they were in want of provisions and stores; they had no knowledge of the design formed against them; their shores were so environed with ice that no supplies could arrive early from France, and those which came afterward were intercepted and taken by our cruisers. In short, 'if any one circumstance had taken a wrong turn on our side, and if any one circumstance had not taken a wrong turn on the French side, the expedition must have miscarried.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

FURTHER PARTICULARS
OF
GOVERNOR WALL.

A COUNCIL was on Wednesday the 27th held by his Majesty at St. James's, when the case of the Governor, and a number of petitions in his favour, were taken into consideration. The deliberations continued for some time, and the minutes of the Lord Chief Baron, who presided at the trial, were read over. One of the sheriffs, accompanied by a veteran general officer, attended in an adjoining room, the latter of whom (an intimate friend of the unfortunate prisoner,) was frequently consulted by Lord Pelham. The council broke up at five o'clock, having determined upon the propriety of the sentence being carried into execution.

At half after six in the morning of the 28th, the ordinary, Dr. Ford, entered, when the prisoner devoutly joined him for some time in prayer; they then passed on to an anti-room, when the Governor asked "whether it was a fine morning?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "The time hangs heavily—I am anxious for the close of this scene!" One of the officers then proceeded to bind his arms with a cord, for which he extended them out firmly: but recollecting himself, he said, "I beg your pardon a moment," and putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out two white handkerchiefs, one of which he bound round his temples, so as nearly to conceal his eyes, over which he placed a white cap, and then put on a round hat; the other handkerchief he kept between his hands. He then observed, "the cord cuts me—but it's no matter!" on which Dr. Ford de-

sired it to be loosened, for which the prisoner bowed, and thanked him. As the clock struck eight, the door was thrown open, at which Sheriff Cox and his officers appeared: The Governor approaching him, said, "I attend you, Sir!" and the procession to the scaffold, over the debtors' door, immediately succeeded. He had no sooner ascended it, accompanied by the ordinary, than three successive shouts from an innumerable populace, the brutal effusion of one common sentiment, evidently deprived him of the small portion of fortitude which he had summoned up. He bowed his head under this extreme pressure of ignominy, when the hangman put the halter over it, but took it off again to replace it; this done, the Governor stooped forward and spoke to the ordinary, who (no doubt at his request) pulled the cap over the lower part of his face—when in an instant, without waiting for any signal, the platform dropped, and he was launched into eternity! From the knot of the rope turning round to the back of the neck, and his legs not being pulled, at his particular request, he was suspended in convulsive agony for eleven minutes. At length it was found necessary to pull his legs.—After hanging a full hour, his body was cut down, put into a cart, and immediately conveyed to a building in Cow-Cross-street, to be dissected. He was dressed in a mixed-coloured loose coat with a black collar, swan-down waistcoat, blue pantaloons, and white silk stockings. He appeared much emaciated—never having quitted the bed of his cell from the day of condemnation till the morning of his execution.

During the time of his confinement previous to trial, he occupied the apartment which was formerly the residence of Mr. Ridgway, the bookseller. His wife lived with him for the last fortnight —she is a very accomplished woman, about his own

age. Although he was allowed two hours a-day, from twelve to two, to walk in the yard, he did not once embrace this indulgence, and, during his whole confinement, never went out of his room, except into the lobby to consult with his counsel. He lived well, and was at times very facetious, easy in his manners, and pleasant in conversation; but during the night he frequently sat up in his bed and sang psalms, overheard by his fellow-prisoners. He had not many visitors, his only attendant was a prisoner who was appointed for that purpose by the turnkey. After trial he did not return to his old apartment, but was conducted into a cell; he was so far favoured as not to have irons put on, but a person was employed as a guard to watch him during the night, to prevent his doing violence against himself. His bed was brought to him in the cell, on which he threw himself in an agony of mind, saying it was his intention not to rise until they called him on the fatal morning. The sheriffs were particularly pointed and precise in their orders with respect to confining him to the usual diet of bread and water, preparatory to the awful event. This order was scrupulously fulfilled.

On Wednesday night his wife obtained permission to remain with him till eleven o,clock, when she took her last affectionate leave of him! This scene was truly distressing.

Mr. Kirby went into the cell with the man who was appointed to sit up with him. He enquired if any news had arrived—he was told none. Mr. Sheriff Cox, who called upon him frequently before trial, about this time visited him in his cell. He expected a respite till twelve o'clock—none then arriving, after the lapse of near an hour he enquired particularly whether the machine, in being brought out of the press-yard, would make a great noise, and enquired at what time. The attendant, being

unwilling to discompose his mind, pretended to be ignorant of those matters. He fell asleep between four and five o'clock, and did not hear the noise of the fatal machine, which was brought out at five o'clock, although it shook the whole prison: but about twenty minutes after, a mail-coach going by, he started, and, "Is not that the fatal scaffold?—The same person answered, No, observing it was the mail, and he might hear the horn blow with it. He did not go to sleep again; he asked many questions, and inquired whether, being a tall man, he could not avoid the jerk in the falling of the scaffold, although it was done, he apprehended, to dislocate the neck of the sufferer, and put him sooner out of pain. He never had been off the bed since condemnation.

The interest made to save Governor Wall is well known. The whole of Wednesday his case occupied the attention of the great law officers; the judges met at the chancellor's in the afternoon—the conference lasted upwards of three hours.

Mrs. Wall is said to be sister to Lord Seaforth, and niece to the Marquis of Stafford, and Earl of Galloway, one of the lords of the bed-chamber. All these interests and others were exerted with the utmost vigour to save Mr. Wall, and the petitions presented to the King were numerous, as well as from powerful quarters—but his Majesty with great firmness resisted every application, and insisted that justice should take its course.

However lamentable the unhappy fate of Governor Wall, its coincidence with that of the unhappy seamen who have recently suffered at Portsmouth, is fortunate for the character of the nation and its government. It will bear testimony to Europe, and to the world, that English justice still retains its original purity, and is still equally and impartially administered to the peer and to the peasant, making no distinc-

tion between the private and the commander, but punishing, protecting, and avenging all alike! It will be a consolation to such of the British seamen as may be dejected and cast down by the melancholy though just end of so many of their comrades, to find that no flimsy charge, no groundless imputation, no pretended mutiny, either imagined at the moment, or afterwards trumped up, as occasion may require, will be admitted as a justification of severity, causelessly and inhumanly inflicted.—When they see the death of a simple serjeant, without family or friends, in a country whence the report of his wrongs might never have reached home, now made the subject of a state prosecution, conducted by the two principal criminal officers of the crown, with the assistance of a number of other highly respectable counsel, and the attendance of every witness in the smallest degree necessary, collected with all the anxiety that could have been bestowed on the case at the commencement of the prosecution in 1784, by the widow and orphan children of the deceased (if such he had, and they were rich enough to afford the expence), will they not rejoice to see that punishments are not for them alone, and that the proudest of those who rule them cannot tyrannise over them with impunity! It is natural to the ignorance of a low situation to suppose that suffering is confined to its own class. In some countries this is unfortunately too much the fact—in ours, great crimes are rare in the higher ranks of society, but in the few instances that have occurred, the equality of justice has been enforced in a manner that gives every peasant in the land reason to thank Heaven that he was born in such a country.

The circumstances of the conviction and punishment of Mr. Wall are extremely striking. His withdrawing himself from justice in 1784; his voluntary return and surrender last year in the confi-

dence of escaping, and the presence of every witness who could have originally appeared against him, or who was enabled to contradict those brought forward in his defence, will be, to superstitious minds, a strong confirmation of the belief that Heaven interposes in a peculiar manner in the detection and punishment of murder. As a public sxample, there is nothing to diminish its effect. It is free from all those errors which might have infected a trial had under the immediate influence of popular odium arising from the recency of the fact. In a period of eighteen years, the malice (if any there was) of the individuals who instituted the prosecution, must have subsided, and they must now be governed by truth alone. Public horror and public animosity must have abated.—Mr. Wall was unquestionably not sacrificed to private faction, to popular fury, or to ministerial cabal. The statement of the Attorney General was a mixture of candour, moderation, and energy, perfectly consonant to the idea of Shakespeare—

"Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice:"

It was a plain narrative of facts, without any other comment than the opinion of the law how far they were criminal. Never did a jury go into a box with less of prejudice, or of any matter extraneous to the cause, that could be supposed to have an improper influence on their decision; never was the whole of the proceedings listened to with more attention, never was evidence summed up more accurately by a judge, law stated more distinctly, or facts put to the jury more fairly and properly. The verdict of the jury was unquestionably just. The law has done the rest!—We shall not expatiate upon the crime after an event which washes away all crimes, and suffers only the bare record to remain for the instruction of futurity. The fact will

live in our history, as a monument of national justice, and as a warning to those who are entrusted with great power, in places remote from controul and superintendance, to use these powers with justice and moderation;—and our seamen will reflect with satisfaction, that while the judge advocate of the admiralty is prosecuting disobedience and breach of discipline, at Portsmouth—the attorney general of the king is obtaining justice against cruelty and abuse of power, in London.

The body of this unfortunate man was given up to his relations upon their paying fifty guineas to the Philanthropic Society, and on Thursday morning his remains were interred in the church-yard of St. Pancras—the corpse was attended by the person in Tottenham-court-road at whose house Wall lodged under the name of Thompson, and three other persons.

The similarity of the fate of Captain Fitzgerald and Governor Wall is somewhat remarkable—they both belonged to the 69th regiment of foot, and in 1765 they fought a duel at Galway; the former was hanged for murder at Castlebar, and the latter for the same crime in London!

It might have been supposed that Governor Wall would have had a fellow-feeling for the men under his command, as he himself, when a captain in the African corps, had experienced nine months severe imprisonment at Gambia, by order of Lietenant-governor M'Namara, against whom he afterwards brought an action, and recovered 1000*l.* damages for false imprisonment.

Mr. Ferritt, the surgeon who was called on to give evidence on the trial, has addressed a long letter to the public, in which (after some preliminary observations in vindication of his character) he says, "My reason for not interfering on the behalf of Armstrong was briefly this—*I durst not.*"

He did not, at the moment, advert to the difference of the instrument used in the punishment of Armstrong, from that of the common *cat*, or the *thief cat;* generally used by Governor Wall.—Wall's was a system of terror, and which, had he opposed during Wall's paroxysm of rage and cruelty, might have cost him (Ferritt) his life.

Two other bills were found against Wall for murder, but not tried. The amount of his cruelty, at the period of his leaving his government at Goree, is summed up in the following affidavit:—"James O'Shanley, lieutenant in his Majesty's African corps of foot, also maketh oath, and doth swear upon the holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that he was officer of the day both on the 10th and 11th days of July, 1782, and saw on the 10th, in the afternoon, the following men punished—Serjeant Armstrong with 800 lashes, and George Robinson 800 lashes; and on the following morning, being the 11th of July, Corporal Thomas Upton received 350 lashes, George Paterson 800 lashes, Wm. Evans 800 lashes, and Henry Fawcett 47 lashes. That this punishment was inflicted upon the said seven men without trial or public hearing; that they were flogged by several black men, changed at every 25 lashes, with inch rope, knotted: and that Corporal Upton died on the 13th, Serjeant Armstrong on the 15th, and George Paterson on the 19th of July, in consequence of the inhuman punishment imposed by Governor Wall."

What adds to the singularity of the above events is, that Major Winter, who resided at Woolwich, coming to speak in favour of the Governor, in getting out of the coach, dropped down and instantly expired. Mr. James Dixon coming past at the time, recognised the gentleman, and had the body conveyed to the Rose public-house. He in-

stantly dispatched a proper person to the unhappy major's family.—We understand the major was in the artillery, and brother-in-law to Mr. Dudman, an eminent ship-builder at Deptford, and has left a family of ten children.

POPULATION.

THE population of the world is at present estimated at about 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants, spread over the surface of about 197 millions of square miles, but of which the habitable part contains hardly 45,300,000 square miles. The rest is covered by water.

In admitting this supposition of 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants,

Europe, in an extent of 3,300,000 square miles, at 69 12-100 to a degree, would have a population of 47 inhabitants per square mile, and 155,000,000 of inhabitants in total.

Asia, including New Holland and Siberia, which are almost desarts, would contain, in an extent of 18,000,000 of square miles, 45 inhabitants per square mile, and 815,000,000 inhabitants in total.

Burning Africa, in an extent of 100,000,000 of square miles, would contain 12 inhabitants per square mile, and 120,000,000 in the whole.

Newly-discovered America, in an extent of 14,000,000 of square miles would contain somewhat more than one inhabitant to a square mile, at the rate of 18,000,000 of inhabitants in total.

According to this computation, taking all the habitable parts of the world together, there would be 16 inhabitants per square mile.

The Cabinet of Mirth.

Here let the jest and merry tale go round.

A GENTLEMAN relating one night at a coffee-room in Oxford, that Dr.——, of Brazen Nose college, had *put out his leg* in crossing a kennel, five surgeons immediately set off for the doctor's apartments, but returned dismayed, saying no such thing had happened: "Why (replied the gentleman) how can a man cross a kennel without *putting out his leg?*"

PARADOXICAL LINES.

To a Young Lady remarkably fond of standing near a Fire.

With sparkling eyes, in sparkling wine,
I joy when Margaretta 's *toasted*;
Yet would I sooner worlds resign
Than hear of Margaretta *roasted*.

Fair Marg'ret's muslin train to save
From fire, thro' fire I'd boldly start,
All worldly dangers freely brave—
Yet wish a flame within her heart!

Yes, Margaretta, charming dame,
I'd gladly kindle in thy breast
An unextinguishable flame—
Yet die to save from fire your vest!

Brighton, Jan. 30, 1802.

DEATH OF JOHN, EARL OF CLARE,

LATE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

THIS country has lately experienced a considerable loss in the death of the above great character. Some days prior to his death, he foresaw his dissolution; and so copious were the bleedings, that, upon a consultation of the most eminent physicians, he was given over. Even on being made acquainted with this melancholy truth, the firmness of his lordship's mind did not forsake him. He at length fell into a lethargic fit, and continued motionless for some time, when he died.—His remains were interred in St. Peter's church-yard, Dublin. The gentlemen of the law, to the number of at least 600, attended the funeral. Twenty-four servants, with scarfs, and twelve mourners, the Lords Ely, Shannon, Kilwarden, and Tyrawley, bearing the pall. His lordship's family coach was followed by 74 of the nobility and gentry.—He has bequeathed to his lady 1200*l.* a-year, and his seat at Mountshannon during the minority of his eldest son: to her he has also confided the education of his children, with an allowance of 1600*l.* a-year for that purpose; to the present earl, his paternal and acquired property (about 6000*l.* per annum); to his second son and only daughter, 20,000*l.* each; and in case of failure of his own issue, he has devised his property to his nephews, the sons of Archbishop Beresford.—He particularly cautions his children against the sordid and disgraceful vice of gaming; and though he wishes their education to be in England, he recommends them to reside, after they come of age, in Ireland—the country to which they owe every thing. His executors are, Lord Kil-

warden, Robert French, and George Stewart, Esqrs.

John Fitzgibbon, his lordship's father, was a barrister of eminence. Although he had in his time to contend with the wisdom of a Malone, the legal erudition of a Tisdal, and the eloquence of a Hutchinson—names which have not yet lost their celebrity in Ireland—his practice became so considerable that he realized an estate of 6000*l.* per annum. Yet he died at no very advanced age, and had for several years retired from his professional labours. He was also a member of the House of Commons, and considered as an able speaker.

The late Earl of Clare completed his studies in Trinity college, Dublin, and having kept his terms in the Temple, his lordship was called to the Irish bar, and soon distinguished himself so much by solidity of argument and appositeness of remark, that he was employed by a great majority of the fellows and scholars of the university to enforce the complaints preferred by them to the visitors against the provost, in consequence of certain innovations and abuses. He displayed on that occasion a perfect knowledge of the laws, privileges, and customs of that learned body, and manifested a decision and spirit which surprised and awed the boldest of his adversaries. For this exertion he was (though opposed by the interest of government) elected in 1776 one of the members of the university.

The commencement of his political career was marked with an independence of principle of which we have very few instances. Neither the instrument of administration, nor the partizan of opposition, he found in his own judgment the standard of his conduct. *Plausu clarescere vulgi* was not one of the objects of his pursuits, and he learned, while a very young man, to despise that silly and precarious popularity, which has since idolized as a deity,

and disfranchised as a traitor, his celebrated rival and contemporary in college, at the bar, and in the senate—Mr. Grattan.

In 1784 he succeeded Mr. Yelverton as attorney-general, and for his vigorous opposition on the memorable question of the regency in 1789 to the address of the House of Commons, requesting the Prince of Wales to take upon himself the government of Ireland, he was on the death of Lord Lifford, created Baron Fitzgibbon, and raised to the high dignity of chancellor—an office never before conferred upon an Irishman. Whatever difference of sentiment existed between him and his countrymen with respect to catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, it was acknowledged by men of all parties that he discharged the duties of his important situation with an ability, impartiality, and promptitude, productive of the most beneficial effects. The administration of equity was no longer subject to those tedious and very expensive proceedings which prevented the poor and friendless, and frequently deterred the opulent, from preferring their rightful claims. His lordship's sagacity, vigilance, and perseverance, succeeding in detecting and defeating the tricks of chicane, and the wiles of fraud, throughout the mazes of the most intricate chancery suit; all idle and oppressive delay was banished from his court, and the equity of his decisions has been the subject of general encomium.

He had, however, since his elevation to the bench, a field more extensive, and occasions more arduous for displaying his talents and rendering still more essential services to the state. The leading part which he took in unmasking the real views of the society of United Irishmen, and the assistance derived from his counsels by the executive power in the suppression of the rebellion, possess irresistible claims to the gratitude of government and the inha-

bitants of Great Britain and Ireland. In promoting the legislative union of both countries, his exertions were also particularly conspicuous, and his speech delivered in the House of Lords on the 10th of February, 1800, is allowed, even by the enemies of the measure, to be a masterly vindication of the incorporative system. The necessity of union appears to have been impressed upon his mind in the earliest stages of his public life, and there is every ground to believe that he advocated the cause unbiassed by party politics, and untainted by selfish considerations. In concluding that very able speech, his lordship observed—"It is with cordial sincerity, and a full conviction that it will give to this to my native country lasting peace and security for her religion, her laws, her liberty, and her property, an increase of strength, riches, and trade, and the final extinction of national jealousy and animosity, that I now propose to this grave assembly, for their adoption, an entire and perfect union of the kingdom of Ireland with Great Britain. If I live to see it completed, to my latest time I shall feel an honorable pride in reflecting on the little share which I may have in contributing to effect it."

Of the intrepidity and firmness of his lordship's character, a few instances will convey an adequate idea. While attorney-general, and at a moment when the popular mind was violently agitated by the rejection of petitions in favour of parliamentary reform and protecting duties, and a meeting was convened at Dublin by the high sheriffs of the county, for the election of delegates or representatives in order to carry into execution the objects of the petitions, he proceeded alone to the meeting, forced a passage through the multitude, and interrupted the discussion, by stating to the sheriffs who presided, the illegality of their conduct, and threat-

ening them with an information, *ex officio*, if they presumed to continue an assembly which tended to change the constitution of the country. The threat produced the desired effect, and the convention was instantly dissolved. The boldness of this conduct is the more remarkable, as he was then more unpopular than any other person, and the mob had, for some time, been in the practice of treating not only with disrespect, but personal violence, those whose sentiments were known to be unfriendly to the new system of reform.

At the commencement of the late rebellion, and even while the insurgents were in arms, and the metropolis itself was not in perfect security from the attempts and force of the rebels, it is remembered by numbers that his lordship was not, in a single instance, known to alter his former habit of walking at all hours through the streets, very often without a friend or a single attendant.

A strong proof of his inflexible resolution occurred in the court of chancery, when, in consequence of the opposition given by Prime-serjeant Fitzgerald to the union of Great Britain and Ireland, that gentleman was dismissed from his situation, and it was resolved at a meeting of the bar that they should continue to grant to him the same precedence as when he held the office of prime-serjeant. This agreement was defeated by the steadiness of Lord Clare. It was motion day, and acording to the usage of the court, the attorney and solicitor-generals having made their motions, the chancellor called upon Mr. Smith, the father of the bar—who bowed and said Mr. Saurin had precedence of him; Mr. Saurin being also called on, said Mr. Ponsonby had precedence, who in his turn said Mr. Curran had precedence of him; when the latter gentleman was called upon, he declared he could not think of making any motion before Mr. Fitzgerald, who

certainly had precedence of him. The chancellor then called on Mr. Fitzgerald—who declined making any motion. His lordship then addressed the bar—"I see, gentlemen, you have not then relinquished the business: it would be better at once for his majesty's counsel, if they do not choose to conform to the regulation of the court, to resign their silk gowns, than act thus in a sort of rebellion against their sovereign.—I dismiss the causes in which these gentlemen are retained, with costs on both sides." This transaction led to the abolition of all precedence on motions in the court of chancery, which are now listed and heard in the order of the roll.

As a lawyer, in almost every branch of English jurisprudence, Lord Clare was entitled, in the opinion of the best judges, to a rank as distinguished as any of his brethren on the bench. The few appeals which have taken place since his elevation to the dignity of chancellor, furnish the most satisfactory proofs of his penetration and impartiality in administering the arduous duties of his office.

As a public speaker, he possessed the rare merit of strictly adhering to the particular subject in discussion. He was concise and energetic, and appears to be strongly impressed with the force of the old maxim—'*Qui nimis probat, nihil probat*,' for he contented himself with the use of a few arguments that are adequate to the attainment of his object; but these are skilfully arranged, and enforced in the most powerful manner. His voice was clear and distinct, but was destitute of fulness and melody, and his delivery at all times free from languor or coldness.

For variety of intellectual acquirement, very few of our most celebrated characters was superior to the late Earl of Clare: his mind was enriched from the purest sources of ancient and modern learning,

and deeply versed in political and legal knowledge. Nor did he neglect the theory of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. For his progress in the study of almost every department of polite and classical literature, he was indebted to a taste and perseverance which he displayed while at college, and which he afterwards continued to exercise when allowed to retire from his official duties and the business of the state.

In private life his lordship's manners were plain and unaffected; and was never known to withhold from distressed worth, or unfriended merit, the relief and encouragement which they should experience from the generous and benevolent mind.

POPULATION OF AMERICA.

	Representatives.	*Slaves.*	*Total.*
Virginia	22	347,000	886,000
Pennsylvania	18	1,600	604,000
Massachusets	17	None	575,000
New York	17	20,000	568,000
North Carolina	12	133,000	478,000
South Carolina	8	146,000	345,000
Maryland	8	103,000	322,000
Connecticut	7	1,000	251,000
New Jersey	6	12,000	211,000
Kentucky	6	40,000	220,000
New Hampshire	5	Only 8	183,000
Vermont	4	None	154,000
Georgia	4	60,000	162,000
Tennessee	3	Not made	
Road island	2	380	70,000
Delaware	1	6,000	64,273
		Grand total	5,093,273

Or, including the state of Tennesse, may be estimated at 5,200,000 souls, being an increase of 34 per cent. for ten years. The males are to the females in the proportion of 20 to 19. The appointment of representatives is in the ratio of 33,000 persons to one member.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW opera was performed on the 9th, for the first time, called the *Cabinet*. The dialogue and songs are from the pen of young Dibdin; the music by Moorehead, Reeve, Davy, Braham, and Corri. The characters were—

Curvoso, an old Italian nobleman,	Mr. EMERY.
Lorenzo, his son,	Mr. INCLEDON.
Orlando, a young prince, in love with Curvoso's daughter,	Mr. BRAHAM.
Whimsiculo, his valet,	Mr. FAWCETT.
Marquis de Grand Chateau, a rich old French nobleman, rival to Orlando,	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Manikin, page to the marquis,	Mr. SIMMONS.
Peter, an Englishman, servant to Curvoso,	Mr. MUNDEN.
First Falconer,	Mr. KING.
Second Falconer,	Mr. WILLIAMS.

Attendants, Messrs. HARLEY, SEATON, WILKINSON, TRUMAN, &c.

Constantia, daughter to Curvoso, Mrs. H. JOHNSTONE.
Floretta, her maid,..... Sig. STORACE,
Crudella, rival to Constantia..... Mrs. DIBDIN.
Curioso, her maid,..... Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Leonora, sister to Orlando, and beloved by Lorenzo,..... } Mrs. ATKINS.
Doralice, stepmother to Orlando, Mrs. POWELL.
Biancha, a fisherman's widow,...Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Female Attendants, Mrs. NORTON, ILIFF, CASTELLE, BURNETT, LLOYD, MASTERS, FINDLAY, &c.

Scene—Italy, alternately on the adjoining territories of Curvoso and Orlando. *Time*—One day.

Of this opera the highest praise may be termed an agreeable dramatic illusion, by which the spectator is led from one scene to another, without a rigid adherence to those rules which constitute a superior effort of the muse. The story is frequently complicated, and now and then indebted to the powers of romance; but the whole is such a combination of dialogue, scenery, and music, as with some exceptions, is well calculated to display the abilities of the various performers. No wonder then that it was received with those flattering testimonies of approbation which best bespeak public partiality. As a lyrical composition, the *Cabinet* deserves considerable panegyric, many of the songs or airs indicating those sympathies which make a strong impression on the human mind; some of the most favourite may be therefore viewed as aiming at a popularity beyond the common reach of the theatre. If the dialogue be deficient in wit, it has much sprightliness, and that vivacity, aided by the active exertions of the players, covered the author (according to the French phrase) if not with glory, at least with temporary applause. The *Cabinet* proves, what has been demonstrated ere now, that the Author is a good judge of stage-effect—for

the plot, the machinery, the music, all conspired to the attainment of the same object. The new opera had this singularity, that it was productive of the united powers of Incledon and Braham, whose different votaries will be highly pleased with the exertions of their respective favourites. Those who prefer nature to art, or the fascinating strains of *English* simplicity will vote for the former performer; those who admire the most extraordinary efforts of the *Italian* school, in which very difficult passages are executed to the surprise of the audience, will be unbounded in their plaudits of the latter. Incledon, however, we think, was unaccountably placed in the back ground, having little or nothing to do.—To all the performers the author is very much indebted. Storace entered into the true spirit of her part, and accompanied the pleasantries of Fawcett in a very happy manner. Munden, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Atkins, and Mrs. H. Johnstone, were very successful in the parts allotted to them. The house was uncommonly crowded; the *encores* were frequent; and the piece was announced for a repetition amidst the loudest applause.

DRURY LANE.

THE acting manager seems to think the revival of old pieces novelty sufficient. In lieu, therefore, of new pieces *The Fair Penitent*, *Orphan*, *&c.* have been promised to the public—tragedies worn out at every private theatre! The former of these has been performed with very little attraction.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1802.

PEACE.

HAIL, balmy offspring of the courts above,
Thou fairest emblem of immortal love!
Thou com'st—revenge and war forget to roar,
And the still world is hush'd from shore to shore.

The rural throng, now fearless, on the plain
Form the gay dance to some artless strain;
On the cool bank, with flowery verdure spread,
The shepherd fondly clasps the blushing maid,
Culls all the ripening beauties of the year,
And binds with fragrant wreaths her flaxen hair—
While frisking lambs in playful gambols chace
Their fleecy mothers round the peaceful place.

Gay spring advances, and o'er nature pours,
With hand profuse, a thousand verdant stores;
While youths and maidens joyful trip it round
The lofty pole, with various fillets bound,
With fragrant flowers and blooming garlands gay,
And numerous wreaths, the pride of teeming May:
Then, stretch'd beneath the hay-cock's balmy shade,
Share the sweet feast, with milk and cheesecakes made;
Youth lolls at ease along the fragrant earth,
And hoary age partakes the general mirth.

Harvest comes on, and all the yellow plain
Glows to the sun, and swells with ripen'd grain:
A sea of ears the laughing landscape fills,
The reapers' shouts re-echo round the hills.
See the bright sickles each wide field invade,
And rank on rank the yellow spoil is laid;
Collected next, and plac'd along the land,
The well-bound sheaves in bounteous order stand:
Then cars or horses the rich loads receive—
And toil and labour gain a glad reprieve.

There the young gleaners, an industrious train,
With sun-burnt hands collect the scatter'd grain;
And joyful from the labours of the morn,
Return at night with little sheaves of corn.

Shaded by flags from Phœbus' scorching beams,
Where the still river rolls its silver streams,
A cottage youth sits with his rustic reed,
And sings the ballads of his native mead—
Th' ascending numbers sweep the level plain,
And distant hills return the youngling's strain.

O'er the brown glebe, with persevering care,
The whistling ploughman drives the shining share,
On either hand the parting furrow flies,
As labour bids th' obedient ridges rise.

The chearful *sower* with full hand succeeds,
And scatters future plenty as he treads;
E'er wintry winds the face of heaven deform,
Or rains descend, a hail, a clattering storm,
The precious seed, with prudent thrifty toil,
Is safely buried in the friendly soil—
So ardent hope can forward dart her eyes,
And see succeeding springs and harvests rise.

Discord now flies with her extinguish'd brand,
And war and tumult leave each gladden'd land;

Fix'd in their ports, dismantled navies lie,
And harmless streamers flutter in the sky:
No longer their tremendous cannons roar—
In peaceful ranks they line the busy shore.
While eager commerce spreads her thousand sails,
And wins her way in spite of hostile gales;
From land to land dispersing plenty flies,
And sees around her happiness arise.—
These are the blessings Britain's empire knows,
These are the blessings heaven-born PEACE bestows!

Offspring of GOD! O may'st thou ever stay
In these fair realms—while the bright power of day
Does through the zodiac drive his panting steeds,
May Britain's isle be full of peaceful deeds!
May freedom triumph the wide world around,
Till nature hears her funeral trumpet sound,
Feels from her frame all energy retire,
And sees her system sink in its own fire!

E. B.

A

VALENTINE EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, FEB. 14.

"'TIS nature's sweet restorer," spring,
Now bids the world rejoice:
The feather'd tribes now spread their wing,
And raise their tuneful voice.

No venal praise to heaven's high dome,
Their joyous armies bear,
Agile they quit each little home,
And cleave the balmy air.

Let riot's sons, whose guilty hours
Joys falsely call'd pervade,
Who seek where mirth insipid roars,
The rout and masquerade.

Let them their joys, their pleasures boast,
While pale-eyed sickness comes,
Their days of health thus idly lost,
And calls to early tombs.

Not so the calm and tranquil mind
That innocence enjoys,
It drinks, serene, and unconfin'd,
The bliss which never cloys.

When Phœbus starting from the east,
Rolls his resplendent wheels,
Or when the god, his circuit past,
Sweeps down the western hills.

When the grey evening cloaths the plain,
And twilight mingles shades,
Or night's bright lamp leads forth her train,
And its pale glory spreads.

Alike, in every varying scene,
The mind where reason sways,
Expatiates, chearful and serene,
And on hope's anchor stays.

Such, Mary, is thy gentle soul,
Be health and joy thy lot,
And as thy silver moments roll,
May sorrow touch thee not.

With virtue's blossoms bright and rare,
With powers to please endu'd,
Let not those powers, O lovely fair!
Expire in solitude.

The hermit's cold and lonely cell,
Mistaken zeal has prais'd,
But virtue's noblest children dwell
Where vice's throne is rais'd.

So let the world thy virtues share,
Nor seek to live unknown,
A partner choose, to soften care,
Nor taste e'en joy alone.

Some favour'd youth, O, Mary, bless
With those enchanting smiles—
When beauty pities our distress,
We glory in her toils.

The season this when nature's face
Looks gay in every part,
So, Mary, come, with love and grace,
And cheer the drooping heart.

Bright star of lovely virtue, hail!
Long may thy lustre shine—
Long o'er each gloomy cloud prevail
With rays almost divine.

For ever cherish'd shall thy name
On mem'ry's altar shine,
And but with life expire the flame
That bids me wish thee mine.

Sidmouth. E. B.

ON THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND,

MR. THOMAS NELSON.

HOW fast the baleful foe of life destroys!
On each side fall my friends—my soul's distrest:
Ere long he'll tear me from all earthly joys—
Amongst departed shades my body rest.

'Tis awful to behold, and chills the stream
Warm flowing from the vivid fount of life:
Another's gone! and mournful is the theme
To tell the sorrows of the wretched wife!

For her lost friend she weeps—her husband dear,
The tender husband, and the father mild;
Deep is her grief—she frantic views the bier,
Then groans in sadness o'er each darling child.

Ah, hapless babes! your parent low is laid
In the cold grave, where mortals all must rest,
Like little lambs you lately round him play'd,
Your sports, health-prompted, charm'd his glowing breast.

The lisping babe in vain now calls his sire,
His father's smiling face no more is seen—
No more between his knees, aside the fire,
He fondly creeps with sweet and lovely mien.

Mute is that tongue which prudent praise bestow'd,
That youth from error by persuasion won:
Cold is that breast where ev'ry virtue glow'd,
And sunk those eyes which once with fondness shone!

Yet shall those eyes again with fondness beam,
Glow that kind breast with virtue's ardent fire,
Of praise, that tongue again pour forth the stream
In heaven's bright court, amidst th' angelic quire.

Firm was his friendship, ardent and sincere,
Benign his soul when want implor'd his aid,
O'er human frailty he would drop the tear—
His mind no bigot prejudices sway'd.

Attach'd to virtue, by conviction rul'd,
He saw her lovely, and obey'd her laws;
In superstition's rites he ne'er was school'd,
Fair truth he worship'd, and espous'd her cause.

The social board he lov'd, where lively wit
And sterling sense the mental feast supply'd;

The low buffoon's grimace, the tale unfit,
The sneer ill-natur'd, he would sternly chide

Such Nelson was, whom numerous friends deplore:
Each breast is sadden'd, gloom'd is ev'ry brow,
Tears unaffected from each eye run o'er—
When heroes die, how few the tears which flow!

To bliss will soon arise the slumb'ring dead—
Beneath the western wave so sinks the sun,
Extinguish'd is his light, his glory's fled,
Anon with brighter beams he will return.

In manhood's prime he fell—like some fair oak
That in the vale long flourish'd unannoy'd,
Abrupt the whirlwind roars—he feels the stroke,
By lightnings blasted, and by storms destroy'd.

Fort Street, I. S.
Jan. 28, 1802.

ON WAR.

HUMANITY's dread foe, why flash thine eyes
With savage rage? Unprovok'd thou giv'st
The stroke of death, and desolates the world.
Tho' on the beamy blade fast clings the gore,
Remorse thou feel't not, tho' it silent calls
Thee murd'rer! fiend! fell enemy of peace!
From ev'ry pore she bleeds by thy dire hand—
And soon she will expire, unless thy breast,
By pity mov'd, repentant sheathes the sword.

High as the Alps must mounds of slain be pil'd
To glut thy rage, and swell thy ruthless breast
With exultation?—proud of mighty deeds
By thy nerv'd arm and deathful faulchion done.

Loud acclamation from the servile croud
Intoxicates thy brain, and yields thee joy:—
But joy like this is transient as the beam
That shoots from heav'n on a starry eve.
The conqueror's laurell'd brow thine eyes inchant—
Ah! that the olive half so fair appeared!
But thou, like Alexander, would be Ammon's son:
A crown, tho' lin'd with thorns, thou dost prefer
To pure contentment in sweet virtue's cot.
Strange delirium! Felicity supreme,
Devoid of toil, thou may'st enjoy—yet this
Thou scorn'st: in woe's dark cave thou find'st thy heav'n.
With joy thou dost behold the smoaking cot,
Where dwelt in innocence a happy pair,
Whose smiling offspring play'd around the door,
And pluck'd the woodbine's flowers to make a wreath,
By vivid fancy taught, for their lov'd sire.—
With tearless eyes thou dost survey yon aged man,
On whose sacred head the snow of time is seen:
Ah! see he wrings his hands with silent grief!
Big tears of sorrow from his dim eyes roll,
And seek the channels which age and anguish
Has too deeply delv'd in his pale cheeks.

Hark! that shriek, it pierc'd mine ears with woe!
Ah; it louder sounds! Curs'd be the villain——
Oh, Heav'n! where sleep thy bolts?—Ye lightnings,
Blast the wretch whose dire polluted arms
Dare clasp th' unwilling, helpless, loathing maid,
And, fiend-like, force her to his lewd embrace!

The captive group behold, with chains oppress'd,
Naked and shiv'ring, and faint, they ask for bread:
But coarse and scant's the food thy barb'rous slaves

Supply. Unpitying, thou surveyest their
Bleeding feet, by marches long o'er flinty
Roads deep-wounded; in vain to thee they cry—
Their limping gait, and writhed form and face,
Wild-tortur'd, yield thy bosom savage joy!

Where now is seen the peopled hamlet fair,
The cultur'd field, the meadow bright with flow'rs,
The smiling swain, the ruddy chearful maid?—
The village minstrel's mute that of the lay
Attun'd on days of revelry and mirth;
No more is seen the mirth-inspir'd group
Around the aged beech, to tabor dancing gay—
Now all is sad! The bearded thistle grows
Where golden corn rear'd its head to zephyrs'
Downy wings, and the rank nettle overspreads
The mead; the peasants' cots in ruin black
Are seen—and e'en unspar'd 's the sacred fane!
In mouldering heaps the regal palace lies;
The rock-supported fortress falls prostrate,
Its pond'rous ruins fill the valley deep;
The splendid temple, and the mansion grand,
Thy cruel ministers like fiends destroy!

Violence and murder support thy throne,
And fury at thy nod consumes the world!
Thy hands affright, deep died in human gore.
No minist'ring angels on thy steps attend,
No strains divine e'er charm thy tuneless ears—
Millions of ghosts before thy footsteps glide,
And sounds of woe on every gale are borne!
Nor shall the son'rous drum, or trumpet loud,
Deafen thine ears to mis'ry's piercing moan!
And tho' from thee no pity does she find,
To Heav'n her voice is rais'd—and Heav'n will hear
And grant her earnest pray'r: on thee
(Not far remote the time) will vengeance fall!

Mighty is their wrongs, the oppress'd, by Heav'n
Inspir'd, will drag thee fiercely from thy throne,
Bind thee in chains, and make thee linger life's
Remaining years in iron cage inclos'd,
Not doom to death, as thou wast wont to do,
But leave thee time for penitence and grief.

Perhaps remorse may gnaw thy stubborn heart,
And conscious guilt thy iron soul subdue;
Tears from thy fiery deep-sunk eyes may flow,
The small still voice of conscience thou may'st hear,
Which bids thee groan for sanguinary deeds,
And the dire misery thou has giv'n the world.
Peace then will flourish while the world endures,
And each man joyous sit beneath his vine
And fig-tree's spreading boughs; the lion fierce
With placid lamb may play, and wily snake
Leave unmolested the defenceless babe;
The sword shall plough the long neglected ground,
And into pruning-hooks the spears be turn'd;
Loud hymns of joy from every clime will sound—
The GOD of Peace in ev'ry 'clime ador'd.'

Jan. 25, 1802. J. S.

THE
UNFORTUNATE LOVER'S
FAREWELL TO HIS MISTRESS.

FAREWELL my Anna, dear and lovely fair,
I leave you now oppress'd with grief and care;
And though my outward form may seem to rove,
My harrass'd soul still clings to her I love:

My sad heart still, like the needle true,
Beats perturb'd, and will point to you—
To you, the soul of my affections here:
Be you but blest, and I disdain to fear.
In vain thro' foreign climes I roam
In search of happiness, left at home:
Memory still paints to my impassion'd mind
The hours we pass'd in converse sweet and kind,
When every blessing crown'd our present state,
And sorrow frown'd not on our future fate.
I leave you now, my Anna dear,
But trust me, love, you need not fear,
For in my constant heart I bear
The impress'd image of my fair,
And hope, with fond persuasive guile,
Shall still my ling'ring steps beguile,
And joy conduct me to my native isle.

M. A.

TRANSLATION

OF

HORACE'S ODE VI. BOOK I.

TO AGRIPPA.

LET Varius celebrate thy name,
And bring to light thy deeds of fame,
Enumerate thy conquests great,
And in Mæonian verse relate
What actions, both by sea and land,
Have ceded to thy mighty hand.
We, humbler poets, dare not try
Thus to describe thy bravery;

Or name th' enrag'd Achille's force,
Who ne'er submitted; or the course
Th' experienc'd Ulysses trode;
Or cruel Pelops' dire abode.
Our modest and unwarlike lays
Dare not recite great Cæsar's praise;
Nor will our ignorance aspire
To lessen thy heroic fire.
Who has the god of war pourtray'd,
In adamantine vest array'd?
Or who describe in language just
Great Merrion stain'd with Trojan dust?
Or Diomed, by Pallas' aid,
To inhabit high Olympus made?
We, thoughtless, sing of festive days,
Of Bacchanalian sportful plays,
And often burn with ardent love—
But ever gay our verse shall prove.

Newgate-street. B. F.

COUPLET

FAIT EN VOYANT LE PORTRAIT DE MADEMOISELLE .... TRESSANT DES CHEVEUX.

DES cheveux que tresse ta main,
EMMA, veux-tu faire une chaine?
As-tu le projet inhumain
De garotter l'espèce humaine?
C'est trop de soins, en vérité:
EMMA, connois mieux ton empire;
Pour nous ravir la liberté
Tu n'as besoin que de sourire.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF THE INHABITANTS OF RUSSEL-PLACE, FITZROY-SQUARE.

By a Female Resident.

1. A SMALL piece of wire of great use to females, and a vowel,

2. Quick and clever.

3. The sweetest scented flower that blows.

4. An old enmity, dropping the first letter.

5. Four-sixths of a tree emblematical of sorrow, three-fifths of the Latin for Also, and a serpentine letter.

6. The spiritual head of a diocese.

7. The French for Father, and an epoch.

8. Two-fifths of a noble, and an industrious insect.

9. A consonant, and the Italian for Criminal transposed.

10. An article of dress worn by belles in the winter, changing a letter, and half a small particle.

11. What cats do, and a fish.

12. What no man is.

13. What during inclement seasons is very comfortable, and the reverse of short.

14. A plant and a vowel.

15. A common.

16. To catch hastily, changing a letter, and the Irishman's blunder.

17. To adorn, doubling the last letter and adding a serpentine one.

18. To promenade, and two-thirds of to do wrong.

19. Three-fourths of a testament, and a male heir.

20. The Scotch for Son, and to present, omitting a letter.

21. Four-fifths of brittle, and an interjection.

22. What no man can do without.

23. The reverse of high.

24. Four-sevenths of to overcome, and three-fourths of an army.

REBUS.

A BAD PARSON.

Kettle	Wine
Metal	Fine
Pot	Cold
Sot	Bold
Head	Table
Bread	Stable
Tea	Hard
Sea	Yard.

Literary Review.

Life of Bonaparte, First Consul of France, from his birth to the peace of Luneville; to which is added, an account of his remarkable actions, replies, speeches, and traits of character; with anecdotes of his different campaigns. Translated from the French.—Robinsons. 8*s.* in boards.

THE curiosity excited in the public mind respecting this great man, now the First Consul of France, will here receive a degree of gratification. We could have wished that these memoirs were more copious—the accounts are short—the transitions rapid, and the narrative is marked by a sententious brevity.

NAPALEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajacio, in Corsica, on the 25th of August, 1769. Educated in the military school at Brienne Champagne, here the fruits of his application first unfolded themselves, though he finished his studies at Paris. From the commencement of the revolution to the siege of Toulon (December, 1793) he was employed in the study of tactics, and of course remained in obscurity. At this siege he was an officer in the artillery, and distinguished himself by extraordinary instances of bravery. On this account he was made general of brigade. But Italy was destined to be the theatre on which his talents were to be displayed. Here a series of victories are detailed, which excite the profoundest astonishment. The next grand affair in which he was engaged, is the expedition to Egypt, which was conducted

with equal wisdom and bravery: he eluded the British fleet, landed his troops, and, after various adventures, got complete possession of the country. After this period he returned to France, obtained the reins of government, and has since given peace to the world. He is at present only thirty-two years of age.—This account ends with the mention of an attempt to destroy him going to the opera, which terminated in the destruction of the conspirators. Such is this wonderful man: he is the admiration of the present age—he will be the wonder of posterity!

In the preface we find the following curious sketch of BONAPARTE:—"Like Alexander, he is of the middle stature, of a pale and delicate, tho' tolerably strong complexion, dark eyes, aquiline nose, the chin prominent, the forehead wide, and the whole countenance indicative of a discerning and elevated mind. He is habitually of a taciturn and contemplative disposition, yet is not devoid of the French politeness and gaiety. To a courage at once energetic and daring, he unites a coolness which nothing can derange; to the vast conceptions of genius, all those stratagems of war which Hannibal practiced so ably against the Romans; the deepest reflection to the most rapid execution; all the impetuosity of youth to the experience of riper years; the sagacity of the politician to the talents of a great general; and lastly, to a desire of glory and the daring spirit of former conquerors, the virtues of sober wisdom and every sentiment of humanity and moderation: politics and the military art are so much the favourite studies of his mind as to be carried almost to enthusiasm and passion; and from the opposite qualities of her first consul, equally great in peace as in war, France may justly boast that SHE also has *her* WASHINGTON!"

The History of Netterville, a chance Pedestrian; a Novel, in two volumes.—Crosby and Co.

THIS little work (which we understand is the production of a clergyman's widow) does credit to the pen which was employed in its composition. The sentiments are just, the language appropriate, and the tendency favorable to virtue and piety. Many of the scenes are indeed happily drawn, and in reading them it is impossible not to be gratified. We are always happy in bestowing on a novel such commendations—for the generality of fictitious writings are of a pernicious cast: they inculcate false principles, they engender bad passions, and destroy the best feelings of the heart; of such monstrous effusions, we do not hesitate to declare they are, in every sense of the word, the pest of the rising generation.

Select Sermons and Funeral Orations; translated from the French of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux; to which is prefixed, an Essay, considerably augmented, on the Eloquence of the Pulpit in England. Third edition. Clarke.

PULPIT eloquence flourished in France at one period in great perfection. Flechiere, Massilon, and Bossuet are names well known in this department, and their discourses have at different times been laid before the public by some excellent translators. Blair mentions these celebrated preachers in his *Lectures*, and bestows upon them a considerable degree of approbation.

The present writer seems desirous that pulpit eloquence should be assiduously cultivated among his own countrymen. The English divines Tillotson, Clarke, Barrow, Abernethy, Bourn, &c. have

produced admirable sermons; but in the art of reasoning they chiefly excel—judgment is the predominant quality for which they are distinguished. Warmth, however, ought to be united along with sense, energy of language, and even the best argumentation; and earnestness in the preacher always ensures attention. The perusal of this volume is recommended to young divines—they will gather up many valuable hints, which cannot fail of promoting their improvement. It has been justly remarked by the late Mr. Robinson of Cambridge, that "the pulpit has been the seat of wisdom, and the sink of nonsense." Be it the ambition of the English clergy, both in the established church and among the dissenters, to make it uniformly the *seat of wisdom*, and after such a manner that the christian ministry may prove efficacious upon the higher and lower classes of the community.

The Works (never before published) of Jeanne Marie Philipon Roland, wife of the ex-minister of the Interior, containg her philosophical and literary Essays written previous to her marriage, her Correspondence and her Travels. Translated from the French.—Johnson.

TO the talents and learning of females we have always borne a willing testimony: justice ought ever to be done to their literary acquirements; their excellence in any department generates strong impressions, and tend powerfully to the melioration of the world.

The name which stands at the head of the above volume will be justly renowned in the page of history. The part which she took in the late French revolution was distinguished: but she, together

with many other eminent characters, fell victims to Robespiere, that execrable foe to humanity!

Her *philosophical* and *literary essays*, which appear to have been written at an early period, bear evident marks of an active and enlightened mind. The reflections are dictated by good sense, and do honour to her sensibility. Her *correspondence* is sprightly and animated, shewing the energy of her mind when directed to any particular object. Her *travels* are very entertaining; few interesting objects escape her notice, and her remarks are just and impressive. Her trip to England is pleasingly drawn up; the account of London must be gratifying to English readers: the principal places in our metropolis were inspected by her, and she has furnished us with minute descriptions of them.—The volume is indeed valuable, and well worthy an attentive person's perusal. It is not a common-place publication.

Essay on Men and Manners by William Shenstone, Esq.—Hurst. 6*s*. 6*d*.

THESE *Elegant Essays* are well known to the public, and their merits have been long ago appreciated. Their Author was celebrated in his day for wit and urbanity—He has, indeed, paid the debt of nature, but his writings dictated by a feeling heart will always interest our sensibility. We wish the present neat Volume to be circulated, because containing *just* ideas of *Men and Manners*; we are of opinion that its contents cannot fail of being beneficial to mankind.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR FEBRUARY, 1802.

IN the present article we have little to detail respecting the political world. An uninteresting sameness prevails—we cannot pretend therefore to amuse our readers with much variety.

The DEFINITIVE TREATY still offers materials for speculation. That it should have been so long in signing, has been to many readers a matter of astonishment; but it is (as we formerly remarked) to be remembered that a multiplicity of jarring interests calls for regulation. Where the difficulty lies, it is not in our power to say, though we are of opinion that a speedy termination of the business cannot fail of proving favourable to the interests of our country.

The most important event that has taken place on the continent is, that of *Buonaparte* becoming *President of the Italian States!* He certainly knew best his own motives for undertaking so arduous an office: a disinterested spectator should imagine that *France* ought to have contented the ambition of this wonderful man—but he seems to stretch his arms over other regions of the earth. May the extension of his power never prove injurious to the liberties and happiness of mankind!

At home our attention has been occupied by the debate in the House of Commons respecting the application of his Majesty for more money to defray the expences of his household and civil government. This circumstance has brought on debates also respecting the Prince of Wales's income, when some curious particulars transpired. On these matters we presume not to hazard an opinion; the business lies in hands where we trust every thing

will be adjusted according to the rules of justice and equity.

We close with mentioning that the execution of *Governor Wall*, which has been the subject of conversation among all ranks, may be pronounced a noble instance of public justice! We pity the unhappy man, and reprobate the cruelty by which his character was debased! So many singular circumstances have attended his life and death that we are inclined to believe that the crime of murder cannot remain long unpunished. May this *memorable execution* be eminently useful to check every species of barbarity! It ought to be held by *officers* of all descriptions in everlasting remembrance!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR FEBRUARY, 1802.

1. ABOUT six in the morning, two fellows entered a public house near Fleet-market, and asked a boy (the only person then up) for a man who lodged in the house. Being told that the man was not stirring, they wanted the boy to call him, saying, that in the mean time they would make some purl. This the boy refusing to do, one of them knocked him down, and held his hand over his mouth to prevent his crying out, while the other took away a dial which was hanging up in the room.—Such is the audacity of modern robbers!

4. Her Majesty held a drawing-room, which was crowded with nobility. It was the first after the celebration of her Majesty's birth-day.

5. The musical Society of the Choral Fund, under the patronage of the Duke of Clarence, had their annual benefit concert at the Haymarket the-

atre, which was most numerously and respectably attended.

6. Lord Mendip's remains were interred with suitable pomp in Westminster Abbey

7. A letter was received by the commissioners of the navy, announcing a donation of 10,000*l.* to Greenwich hospital, and the same sum to the Chest at Chatham. The author of this princely donation, though unknown, signs himself—*A Friend to the Navy.*

10. The 1st battallion of the 3d regiment of the guards came on duty at St. James's for the first time since its return from Egypt. Sir Sydney Smith, General Coote, and other officers of distinction, dined with Colonel Johnston on the occasion.

12. News received of the loss of a Margate hoy, heavily laden with corn, together with thirty passengers, beside the crew, consisting of the master and four men: it was overtaken by violent gusts of wind between Birchington and Reculver, and fell a victim to the tempest! Dreadful to relate—twenty-five persons, men, women, and children, are said to have perished! The sufferers were principally the inhabitants of Margate and its vicinity. Nothing could present a more awful spectacle than the repeated arrivals at Margate of various carriages with the bodies of the sufferers from the wreck.

13. The remains of his grace the Duke of St. Albans were interred at Hanworth, Middlesex, with appropriate solemnity.

15. Mr. Shaw Lefevre presented to the House of Commons a petition of the booksellers and the printers, stating the disadvantages under which they labour, in consequence of the excessive duty on paper: An interesting debate ensued. The petition is to be referred to a committee.

16. Curious trial in the court of King's Bench between Mr. Johnnes, M. P. and a caricature seller in Piccadilly. The former ordered of the latter all the caricatures which could be produced. They were sent in, with a bill of 200*l.* This he refused to pay—hence the prosecution. It was referred to arbitration. Mr. Erskine on this trial shewed his wit, by happily remarking that this cause respecting caricatures might probably add to their number. Some rival of Hogarth (said he) would probably publish the AMATEUR'S PROGRESS. No. I. would display the *Amateur* giving an order for all that ever was published; No. II. would exhibit the *Amateur* when he received the tradesman's bill; No. III. the *Amateur* would be seen consulting with his lawyer; No. IV. the *Amateur* would be present at the trial of his cause; and in No. V. the *Amateur* would be seen cursing *vertu* upon hearing the foreman of the jury pronounce—Verdict for the plaintiff, damages 1000*l.* !!!

20. A discovery made respecting the stealing of dead bodies from church-yards. The principal thief proved to be the grave-digger, and on searching his house, upwards of 150 shrouds were found. From the number of empty graves, it is supposed that nine bodies out of ten were stolen which had been carried there! The culprit was committed to prison.

22. The Lord Mayor went in state to Bow church to attend the anniversary sermon for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. When the business of the society was finished, the city marshals, by his lordship's order, conducted the bishops to the mansion-house, where a splendid entertainment was provided for them.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

(From the London Gazette.)

DAVID HUGHES, late of Liverpool, Lancaster, draper. Samuel Booth, Romiley, Cheshire, muslin-manufacturer. Thomas Mattingly, Stanford in the Vale, Berks, corn-dealer. Joseph Sharpe, Luton, Bedford, shopkeeper. Joshua Collier, Little Bush-lane, Cannon-street, and of Leadanhall-street, London, oil-broker, and filtering-machine manufacturer. John Scott, Knottingley, Yorkshire, scrivener. Benjamin George, Pope's-head alley, London, fishing-tackle maker. George Simcock, of the Bolt and Tun yard, Fleet street, London, coach-master. William Rothwell, Manchester, manufacturer. William Smalley, Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. John Lupton, now or late of Middleham, York, dealer and chapman. Joseph Wilson, Strand, umbrella-maker. John Robert Anderson, Throgmorton-street, London, merchant and factor. John Gray, late of Birmingham, Warwick, horse-dealer. Joseph Lees and Samuel Slater, late of Manchester, Lancaster, dealers in weft and twist, and co-partners. Robert Clarke, King-street, Covent-garden, linen-draper. Ralph Stubbs the elder, Ralph Stubbs the younger, George Stubbs, and James Stubbs, Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham, upholsterers and co-partners. George Danson and Abraham Zimon Doncker Cuvelie, Lancaster, brokers and merchants. Thomas Smith, Derby, worsted-spinner. Thomas Cook, Much Cowarn, Hereford, farmer. John Cox, Church-street, Hackney, oil-

man and tallow-chandler. John Barnesley and Joseph Smith, Bedwardine, Worcester, Morocco shoe manufacturers. Robert Joseph Lambe, late of Madras, in the East Indies, but now of London, merchant. James Dyke, Manley, Cheshire, corn-dealer. John Watson, of Brocksfield, Northumberland, corn-merchant. Henry Ring, Tunbridge, Kent, carpenter. Richard Bayley Jameson, Droitwich, Worcester, miller. John Gilpin, Wrexham, Denbigh, linen-draper. Thomas Rudderforth, Bishopsgate-street, stay-maker and draper. Charles Rogerson, Warrington, Lancaster, merchant. John Spencer, Circus-street, St. Mary-le-bone, builder. Matthew Benjamin, Lime-street-square, merchant, John Elvy the younger, Maidstone, Kent, tailor. John Graham, Berwick-upon-Tweed, baker. James Cunningham, Yoxford, Suffolk, grocer and linen-draper. John Edward Holmes and William Hall, Crosby-square, merchants. William Tremlett, Tottness, Devon, shop-keeper. Thomas Bent, Bayhulme, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. Isaac Rose Dale, Exeter, earthenware-men. Francis Leigh, Pontefract, York, vintner. Walter Jacks, Bristol, merchant. Isaac Hancock, Bristol, cheese-factor. William Earle and John Hemet, Albemarle-street, booksellers. Arnaud Dulau, Soho-square, bookseller. James Ashworth, Wadsworth, York, shopkeeper. Richard Salisbury Biley, Old-street, twine-manufacturer. Henry Turner, St. Martin's-le-grand, silk-manufacturer. Ralph Bell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, butcher. Jeremiah Jones, Chester, shoe-maker and flour-dealer. Emanuel Uon Wertheim, Arundel-street, Strand, merchant. James Jones, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. Anthony Johnson, Chesterfield, Derby, grocer. Samuel Wells, Leonard-square, Shoreditch, corn-chandler. Benjamin Jackson, Wentworth, York, corn-dealer and meal-seller. Thomas Gamble the

younger, Leicester, woolcomber. Christopher Alderson, Beccles, Suffolk, shopkeeper. William Fisher the younger, Briestwhistle, Yorkshire, clothier. George Hawkins, Fish-street-hill, London, druggist. John Snowden, Liverpool, merchant. Samuel Newton, Manchester, cornfactor. Samuel Every, Liverpool, ship-chandler. George Dike, Abingdon-street, Westminster, boot and shoemaker. John Keeves, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, dealer and chapman. Thomas Starcy, Newgate-street, wholesale linen-draper. Richard Comber, Lewes, Sussex, watch-maker. John Rothwell, Nottingham, hosier. John Eglonton Wallis, Colchester, merchant. Emanuel Parquet, Somers-Town, Middlesex, distiller. Michael M'Garry, Bell Wharf, Shadwell, victualler. James Lyon, Savage-gardens, merchant. Robert Bakewell, Bridges-street, Covent-garden, coffee-house-keeper. Henry Hiams, Waller-row, Lambeth, umbrella-maker. Philip Winton, of the Jamaica-house, Bermonsey, victualler. John Underwood, Great Marlborough-street, apothecary. Alexander Arbuthnot and Richard Bracken, late of Philpot-lane, merchants.

To Correspondents.

The article signed T.W. has been received, and will be attended to.

Hints by O. P. do not exactly meet the opinion of the Proprietors of the Monthly Visitor.

Lines on the Execution of Governor Wall are come to hand.

The Rev. Mr. Butcher's Lines on Peace appear the first article in our Parnassian Garland for the present work.

Engraved by

EDWARD YOUNG, D.D.

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